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THE IDLER IN FRANCE.

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I HAVE omitted to notice the route to this place, having formerly described the greater portion of it. I remarked a considerable improvement in the different towns we passed through: the people look cleaner, and an air of business has replaced the stagnation that used to prevail, except in Marseilles and Toulon, which were always busy cities.

Nismes surpasses my expectations, although

they had been greatly excited, and amply repays the long *détour* we have made to visit it.

When I look round on the objects of antiquity that meet my eye on every side, and above all on the Amphitheatre and *Maison Carrée*, I am forced to admit that Italy has nothing to equal the two last: for if the Coliseum may be said to surpass the Amphitheatre in dimensions, the wonderful state of preservation of the latter renders it more interesting; and the *Maison Carrée*, it must be allowed, stands without a competitor. Well might the Abbé Barthelmi, in his *Voyage d'Anacharsis*, call it the masterpiece of ancient architecture and the despair of modern!

The antiquities of Nismes have another advantage over those of Italy: they are kept wholly free from the disgusting *entourage* that impairs the effect of the latter; and in examining them in the interior or exterior, no risk is incurred of encountering aught offensive to the olfactory nerves, or injurious to the *chaussure*.

We devoted last evening to walking round the town, and so cloudless was the sky, so genial the air, and so striking the monuments of Roman splendour, that I could have fancied myself again transported to Italy.

Our inn, the Hôtel du Midi, is an excellent

one; the apartments good and the *cuisine soignée*. In this latter point the French hôtels are far superior to the Italian; but in civility and attention, the hosts of Italy have the advantage.

We had no sooner dined than half-a-dozen persons, laden with silk handkerchiefs and ribands, brocaded with gold and silver, and silk stockings, and crapes, all the manufacture of Nismes, came to display their merchandize. The specimens were good, and the prices moderate; so we bought some of each, much to the satisfaction of the parties selling, and also of the host, who seemed to take a more than common interest in the sale, whether wholly from patriotic feelings or not, I will not pretend to say.

The *Maison Carrée*, of all the buildings of antiquity I have yet seen, is the one which has most successfully resisted the numerous assaults of time, weather, Vandalism, and the not less barbarous attacks of those into whose merciless hands it has afterwards fallen. In the early part of the Christian ages it was converted into a church, and dedicated to St. Etienne, the martyr; and in the eleventh century it was used as the Hôtel-de-Ville. It was then given to a certain Pierre Boys, in exchange for a piece of ground to erect a new hôtel-de-ville; and he, after having degraded it by using a portion of

it as a party-wall to a mean dwelling he erected adjoining it, disposed of it to a *Sieur Bruyes*, who, still more barbarous than *Pierre Boys*, converted it into a stable. In 1670, it was purchased by the *Augustin* monks from the descendants of *Bruyes*, and once more used as a church; and, in 1789, it was taken from the *Augustin* monks for the purposes of the administration of the department. From that period, everything has been done for its preservation. Cleared from the mean houses which had been built around it, and enclosed by an iron palisade, which protects it from mischievous hands, it now stands isolated in the centre of a square, or *place*, where it can be seen at every side. *Poldo d'Albenas*, a quaint old writer, whose book I glanced over to-day, attributes the preservation of the *Maison Carrée* to the fortunate horoscope of the spot on which it stands. His lamentations for the insults offered to this old building are really passionate.

The *Maison Carrée* is not square, though its denomination might lead one to suppose it to be so, being nearly eighty feet long, and only thirty-eight feet wide. Elevated on a base of cut stone, it is ascended by a flight of steps, which extends the length of the base in front. The walls of the building are of a fine white stone, and are admirably constructed.

The edifice has thirty fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals beautifully sculptured, on which rests the architrave, with frieze and cornice. This last is ornamented with sculpture; and the frieze, with foliage finely executed.

The entrance is by a portico, open on three sides, and supported by two columns, included in the thirty already named, of which six form the front, and extend to the fourth, when commences the wall of the building, in which the other columns are half imbedded, being united in the building with its architrave. The fronton, which is over the portico, has no ornament in the centre; neither has the frieze nor architrave: but some holes mark where the bronze letters of an inscription were once inserted.

This inscription has been conjectured, by the ingenious mode of placing on paper the exact dimensions of the holes which formerly contained the letters of it, and is now said to be as follows:—

C. CÆSARI AUGUSTI. F. COS. L. CÆSARI AUGUSTI.
F. COS. DESIGNATO PRINCIPIBUS
JUVENTUTES.

But as more holes are found than would be filled by these letters, the conclusion does not seem to me to be justified.

At the far end of the portico is the door of entrance, the only opening by which light is admitted to the building. It is very lofty, and on each side is a pilaster; beneath the cornice are two long cut stones, which advance like a kind of architrave, pierced by a square hole of above twelve inches, supposed to have been intended to support a bronze door.

The original destination of this beautiful edifice still furnishes a subject for discussion among the antiquaries; some asserting it to have been erected by the Emperor Adrian in honour of Plotina, while others maintain it to have been a forum.

At present, it is used as a museum for the antiquities discovered at Nismes, and contains some admirable specimens. Among these are a torso in marble of a Roman knight, in a cuirass, and another colossal torso, with a charming little draped statue seated in a curiale chair, and holding a cornucopia in the left hand; a cinery monument, enriched with bassi-relievi, representing a human sacrifice; a bronze head of Apollo, much injured, and a Janus.

A funereal monument found in the neighbourhood of Nismes in 1824, offers a very interesting object, being in a good state of preservation. It is richly decorated, and by the inscription is proved to have been that of Marcus Attius,

aged twenty-five years, erected to him by his mother Cœlia, daughter of Sextus Paternus.

So fine is the proportion, so exquisite is the finish, and so wonderful is the preservation of the *Maison Carrée*, that I confess I had much more pleasure in contemplating its exterior, than in examining all that it contains, though many of these objects are well worth inspection.

I should like to have a small model of it executed in silver, as an ornament for the centre of a table; but it would require the hand of a master to do justice to the olive leaves of the capitals of the columns; that is, if they were faithfully copied from the original.

It was, if I remember rightly, Cardinal Alberoni who observed that this beautiful building ought to be preserved in a golden *étui*; and its compactness and exquisite finish prove that the implied eulogium was not unmerited.

I have nowhere else noticed the introduction of olive leaves in Corinthian capitals instead of those of the acanthus; the effect of which is very good. A design was once formed of removing the *Maison Carrée* to Versailles. Colbert was the originator of this barbarous project, which, however, was fortunately abandoned from the fear of impairing, if not destroying, the beauty of the building. The Emperor Napoleon is said to have entertained a similar

notion, and meant to grace Paris with this model of architectural perfection; but it was found to be too solidly-built to admit of removal, and he who could shake empires, could not stir the *Maison Carrée*.

The transportation of antiquities from their original site can never be excused except in cases where it was the only means of insuring their preservation. All the power of association is lost when they are transferred to other places; and the view of them ceases to afford that satisfaction experienced when beheld where they were primarily destined to stand. I can no more fancy the *Maison Carrée* appropriately placed in the bustle and gaiety of Paris, than I could endure to see one of the temples at Pæstum stuck down at Charing Cross.

One loves, when contemplating such precious memorials of antiquity, to look around on the objects in nature, still wearing the same aspect as when they were reared. The hills and mountains, unlike the productions of man, change not; and nowhere can the fragments of a bygone age appear to such advantage as on the spots selected for their erection, where their vicinity to peculiar scenery had been taken into consideration.

We spent a considerable time in examining the Amphitheatre, and so well is it preserved,

that one can hardly bring one's self to believe that so many centuries have elapsed since it was built; and that generation after generation has passed away, who have looked on this edifice which now meets my view, so little changed by the ravages of that ruthless conqueror Time, or the still more ruthless Visigoths who converted it into a citadel, flanking the eastern door with two towers. In 737 Charles Martel besieged the Saracens, and set fire to it, and after their expulsion it continued to be used as a citadel.

The form of this fine building is elliptical, and some notion of its vast extent may be formed, when it is stated to have been capable of containing above 17,000 spectators.

Its façade consists of two rows of porticoes, forming two galleries one over the other, composing sixty arcades, divided by the same number of Tuscan pilasters in the first range, and of Doric columns in the upper, and an attic, which crowns all. Four principal doors, fronting the four cardinal points, open into the amphitheatre, divided at nearly equal distances one from the other.

The attic has no arcades, pilasters, or columns; but a narrow ledge runs along it, which was probably used for the purpose of approaching the projecting consoles, 120 in number,

placed in couples at equal distances between two columns, and pierced with a large hole, which corresponds with a similar one in the cornice, evidently meant for securing the awnings used to prevent the spectators from being inconvenienced by the rain or sun.

These awnings did not extend to the arena, which was usually left open, but were universally adopted in all the Roman amphitheatres, after their introduction by Q. Catullus. The vast extent and extraordinary commodiousness of the amphitheatres erected by the Romans, prove not only the love of the sports exhibited in them entertained by that people, but the attention paid to their health and comfort by the architects who planned these buildings. The numerous vomitories were not amongst the least important of these comforts, securing a safe retreat from the theatre in all cases of emergency, and precluding those fearful accidents that in our times have not unfrequently occurred, when an alarm of fire has been given. The mode of arrangements, too, saved the spectators from all the deleterious results of impure air, while the velarium preserved them from the sun. But not only were the spectators screened from too fervid heat, but they could retreat at pleasure, in case of rain or storm, into the galleries, where they were sheltered from the rain. Our

superior civilization and refinement have not led to an equal attention to safety and comfort in the mode of our ingress and egress from theatres, or to their ventilation; but perhaps this omission may be accounted for by the difference of our habits from those of the Romans. Public amusements were deemed as essential to their comfort, as the enjoyment of home is to ours; and, consequently, while we prefer home—and long may we continue to do so—our theatres will not be either so vast or so commodious as in those times and countries, where domestic happiness was so much less understood or provided for.

The erection of this magnificent edifice is attributed to Vespasian, Titus, or Domitian, from a fragment of an inscription discovered here some fourteen or fifteen years ago, of which the following is a transcript:—

VIII. TRI. PO.

And as only these three filled the consulate eight times since Tiberius, in whose age no amphitheatres had been built in the Roman provinces, to one of them is adjudged its elevation.

Could I only remember one half the erudition poured forth on my addled brain by the cicerone, I might fill several pages, and fatigue

others nearly as much as he fatigued me; but I will have pity on my readers, and spare them the elaborate details, profound speculations, ingenious hypotheses, and archæiological lore that assailed me, and wish them, should they ever visit Nismes, that which was denied me—a tranquil and uninterrupted contemplation of its interesting antiquities, free from the verbiage of a conscientious cicerone, who thinks himself in duty bound to relate all that he has ever heard or read relative to the objects he points out.

Even now my poor head rings with the names of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, Tiberius, Trajan, Adrian, Diocletian, and Heaven only knows how many other Roman worthies, to whom Nismes owes its attractions, not one of whom did this learned Theban omit to enumerate.

Many of the antiquities of Nismes, which we went over to-day, might well command attention, were they not in the vicinity of two such remarkable and well-preserved monuments as the Amphitheatre and *Maison Carrée*.

The Gate of Augustus, which now serves as the entrance to the barracks of the gendarmerie, is worthy of inspection. It consists of four arches—two of equal size, for the admittance of chariots and horsemen, and two less ones for pedestrians. The centres of the two larger arches are

decorated by the head of a bull, in alto-relievo; and above each of the smaller arches is a niche, evidently intended for the reception of a statue.

A Corinthian pilaster divides the larger arches from the less, and a similar one terminates the building on each side; while the two larger arches are separated by a small Ionic column, which rests on a projecting abutment whence the arches spring. The Gate of France has but one arch, and is said to have been flanked by towers; of which, however, it has little vestige.

The inhabitants of Nismes seem very proud of its antiquities, and even the humbler classes descant with much erudition on the subject. Most, if not all of them, have studied the guide-books, and like to display the extent of their *savoir* on the subject.

They evince not a little jealousy if any preference seems accorded to the antiquities of Italy over those of their town; and ask, with an air of triumph, whether anything in Italy can be compared with their *Maison Carrée*, expressing their wonder that so few English come to look at it.

La Tour-Magne stands on the highest of the hills, at the base of which is spread the town. It is precisely in the state most agreeable to

antiquaries, as its extreme dilapidation permits them to indulge those various conjectures and hypotheses relative to its original destination, in which they delight. They see in their "mind's eye" all these interesting works of antiquity, *not* as they *really* are, but as it pleases them to imagine they *once* were; and, consequently, the less that actually remains on which to base their suppositions, the wider field have they for their favourite speculations.

This tower is said by some to have been intended for a lighthouse; others assert it to have been a treasury; a third party declares it to be the remains of a palace; and, last of all, it is assumed to have been a mausoleum.

Its form, judging from what remains, must have been pyramidical, composed of several stages, forming octagons, retreating one above the other. It suffered much from Charles Martel in 737, who wished to destroy it, owing to its offering a strong military position to the Saracens; and still more from the ravages of a certain Francis Trancat, to whom Henry IV granted permission to make excavations in the interior of it, on condition that three parts of the product should be given up to the royal coffer.

The result did not repay the trouble or expense; and one cannot help being rejoiced that it did not, as probably, had it been otherwise,

the success would have served as an incentive to destroy other buildings.

In the vicinity of the Tour-Magne are the fountain, terrace, and garden, the last of which is well planted, and forms a very agreeable promenade for the inhabitants of Nismes. The fountain occupies the site of the ancient baths—many vestiges of which having been discovered have been employed for this useful, but not tasteful, work.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century, that it was suspected that the water which served to turn a mill in the immediate vicinity had been obstructed by the ruins which impeded its course. This obstruction led to excavations, the result of which was the discovery of the remains of buildings, columns, statues, inscriptions, and fragments of rare marbles.

The obstructions being thus removed, and the town enriched by the precious objects found, the persons to whom the direction of the excavation was confided, instead of vigorously pursuing the task, were content with what they had already discovered, and once more closed up the grave in which so many treasures of antiquity were still interred—using many of the materials disinterred for the formation of the terraces which now cover it.

The architect selected to execute this work was Philip Marcehal, an engineer, never previously employed, except in military architecture: a fact to which may be attributed the peculiar style that he has exhibited—bastions and trenches being adopted, instead of the usual and more appropriate forms generally used for terraces and canals.

To these are subjoined ornaments of the period in which the work was completed—the fitness of which is not more to be commended than that of the work itself: the whole offering a curious mixture of military and *rococo* taste.

It was in the freshness of early morning that I, yesterday, again visited the garden of the fountain and its fine chestnut trees and laurel roses; the latter, growing in great luxuriance, looked beautiful, the sun having not yet scorched them. The fountain, too, in its natural bed, which is not less than seventy-two French feet in diameter, and twenty feet in depth, was pellucid as crystal, and through it the long leaves that nearly cover the gravel appeared green as emerald.

The hill above the fountain has been tastefully planted with evergreen trees, which shade a delicious walk, formed to its summit.

This improvement to the appearance, as well as to the *agrémens*, of Nismes, is due to Mon-

sieur d'Haussey,* préfet, whose popularity is said to be deservedly acquired, by his unremitting attention to the interests of the city, and his urbanity to its inhabitants.

Nismes is a gay town, if I may judge by the groups of well-dressed women and men we have observed at the promenade. It has a considerable garrison, and the officers are occasionally seen passing and repassing; but not, as I have often remarked in England, lazily lounging about as if anxious to kill time, but moving briskly as if on business.

The various accomplishments acquired by young men in France offer a great resource in country quarters. Drawing, in which most of them have attained a facility, if not excellence, enables them to fill albums with clever sketches; and their love of the fine arts leads them to devote some hours in most days to their cultivation.

This is surely preferable to loitering in news-rooms, sauntering in the shops of pretty milliners, breaking down the fences of farmers, or riding over young wheat—innocent pastimes, sometimes undertaken by young officers for mere want of some occupation.

The Temple of Diana is in the vicinity of the

* Now Baron d'Haussey.

fountain, which has given rise to the conjecture that it originally constituted a portion of the ancient baths. Its shape is rectangular, and a large opening in the centre forms the entrance.

Twelve niches, five of which open into the partition of the temple, and two on the right and left of the entrance, are crowned by frontons alternately circular and triangular, and are said to have contained statues. This is one of the most picturesque ruins I ever saw. Silence and solitude reign around it, and wild fig-trees enwreath with their luxuriant foliage the opening made by Time, and half conceal the wounds inflicted by barbarian hands.

I could have spent hours in this desecrated temple, pondering on the brevity of life, as compared with its age. There is something pure and calm in such a spot, that influences the feelings of those who pause in it; and by reminding them of the inevitable lot of all sublunary things, renders the cares incidental to all who breathe, less acutely felt for the time.

Is not every ruin a history of the fate of generations, which century after century has seen pass away?—generations of mortals like ourselves, who have been moved by the same passions, and vexed by the same griefs; like us, who were instinct with life and spirit, yet whose very dust has disappeared. Nevertheless, we

can yield to the futile pleasures, or to the petty ills of life, as if their duration was to be of long extent, unmindful that ages hence, others will visit the objects we now behold, and find them little changed, while we shall have in our turn passed away, leaving behind no trace of our existence.

I never see a beautiful landscape, a noble ruin, or a glorious fane, without wishing that I could bequeath to those who will come to visit them when I shall be no more, the tender thoughts that filled my soul when contemplating them; and thus, even in death, create a sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

ARLES.

Beaucaire—Wooden Houses—Castle of King Rene—Church of St. Martha—Fabulous Monster—The Hotel described—The Hostess—Antique Furniture—Plentiful Dinner—Scrutiny—Visit to the Amphitheatre—The Prefect of Arles—Subterranean Excavations—Ancient Church of St. Anne—Altar to the Goddess of Good—Venus of Arles—Granite Obelisk—Primitive Manners—A Liberal Landlady.

WE stopped but a short time at Beaucaire, where we saw the large plain on the banks of the Rhone, on which are erected the wooden houses for the annual fair which takes place in July, when the scene is said to present a very striking effect.

These wooden houses are filled with articles of every description, and are inhabited by the venders who bring their goods to be disposed of to the crowds of buyers who flock here from all parts, offering, in the variety to their costumes and habits, a very animated and showy picture.

The public walk, which edges the grassy plain allotted to the fair, is bordered by large elm-trees, and the vicinity to the river insures that freshness always so desirable in summer,

and more especially in a climate so warm as this.

The town of Beaucaire has little worthy of notice, except its Hôtel-de-Ville and church, both of which are handsome buildings. We crossed the Rhone over the bridge of boats, from which we had a good view, and arrived at Tarascon.

The chateau called the Castle of King René, but which was erected by Louis II, Count of Provence, is an object of interest to all who love to ponder on the olden time, when gallant knights and lovely dames assembled here for those tournaments in which the good René delighted.

Alas for the change! In those apartments in which the generous monarch loved to indulge the effusions of his gentle muse, and where fair ladies smiled, and belted knights quaffed ruby wine to their healths, now dwell reckless felons and hopeless debtors; for the chateau is converted into a prison.

In the church of St. Martha we saw a relic of the barbarism of the dark ages, in the shape of a grotesque representation of a dragon, called the Tarasque. This image is formed of wood, rudely painted in gaudy colours.

Twice a-year it is borne through the streets of Tarascon, in commemoration of the destruction of a fabulous monster that long frequented

the Rhone, and devoured many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, but was at length vanquished by St. Martha; who, having secured it round the neck by her veil, delivered it to the just vengeance of the Tarascons. This legend is received as truth by common people, and our guide informed us that they warmly resent any *doubt* of its authenticity.

The monument of St. Martha is shown in the church dedicated to her, and her memory is held in great reverence at Tarascon.

The country between this place and Tarascon is fertile and well cultivated, and the cheerfulness of its aspect presents a striking contrast to the silence and solitude of the town. The streets, however, are as clean as those of Holland, and the inhabitants are neat and tidy in their attire.

The houses are for the most part old and dilapidated, looking in nearly as ruined a condition as the fragments of antiquity which date so many centuries before them. Nevertheless, some of the streets and dwellings seem to indicate that a spirit of improvement is abroad.

Our hôtel is a large, crazy, old mansion, reminding me of some of those at Shrewsbury; and its furniture appears to be coeval with it, as nothing can be more homely or misshapen. Oak and walnut-tree chairs, beds, and tables

form the chief part, and these are in a very rickety condition; nevertheless, an air of cleanliness and comfort pervades the rooms, and with the extreme rusticity of the *ameublement*, give one the notion of being in some huge old farm-house.

Nor is the manner of the good hostess calculated to dispel this illusion. When our three carriages drove to her door, though prepared for our arrival by the courier, she repeatedly said that her poor house had no accommodation for such guests, and we had some difficulty in persuading her that we were easily satisfied.

She had donned her fête dress for our reception, and presented a very picturesque appearance, as she stood smiling and bustling about at the door. She wore a high cap reminding me of those of the women in Normandy: brown stays; linsey-woolsey, voluminous petticoats; handkerchief and apron trimmed with rich old-fashioned lace; and long gold ear-rings and chain of the same material, twisted at least ten times round her neck.

She explained to us, in a *patois* not easily understood, that her house was only frequented by the farmers, and their wives and daughters, who attended the fêtes, or occasionally by a stray traveller who came to explore the antiquities.

Before I had travelled much on the Continent, I confess that the appearance of this dwelling would have rather startled me as a *séjour* for two days, but now I can relish its rusticity; for cleanliness, that most indispensable of all requisites to comfort, is not wanting.

The furniture is scrubbed into brightness, the small diamond-shaped panes of the old-fashioned casements are clean as hands can make them; the large antique fireplace is filled with fresh flowers; and the walnut-tree tables are covered with white napkins.

No sooner had we performed our ablutions, and changed our travelling dresses for others, than our good hostess, aided by three active young country maidens, served up a plentiful dinner, consisting of an excellent *pot au feu*, followed by fish, fowl, and flesh, sufficient to satisfy the hunger of at least four times the number of our party.

Having covered the table until it literally “groaned with the weight of the feast,” she seated herself at a little distance from it, and issued her commands to her handmaidens what to serve, and when to change a plate, what wine to offer, and which dish she most recommended, with a good-humoured attention to our wants, that really anticipated them.

There was something as novel as patriarchal

in her mode of doing the honours, and it pleased us so much that we invited her to partake of our repast; but she could not be prevailed on, though she consented to drink our healths in a glass of her best wine.

She repeatedly expressed her fears that our dinner was not sufficiently *récherché*, and hoped we would allow her to prepare a good supper.

When we were descending the stairs, she met us with several of her female neighbours *en grande toilette*, whom she had invited to see the strangers, and who gazed at us with as much surprise as if we were natives of Otaheite, beheld for the first time. Cordial greetings, however, atoned for the somewhat too earnest examination to which we had been subjected; and many civil speeches from our good hostess, who seemed not a little proud of displaying her foreign guests, rewarded the patience with which we submitted to the inspection.

One old lady felt the quality of our robes, another admired our trinkets, and a third was in raptures with our veils. In short, as a Frenchwoman would say, we had *un grand succès*; and so, our hostess assured us.

We went over the Amphitheatre, the dimensions of which exceed those of the Amphitheatre at Nismes. Three orders of architecture are also introduced in it, and it has no less than

sixty arcades, with four large doors; that on the north side has a very imposing effect. The corridor leading to the arena exhibits all the grandeur peculiar to the public buildings of the Romans, and is well worthy of attention; but the portion of the edifice that most interested me was the subterranean, which a number of workmen were busily employed in excavating, under the superintendence of the Préfet of Arles, a gentleman with whose knowledge of the antiquities of his native town, and urbanity towards the strangers who visit them, we have every reason to be satisfied.

Under his guidance we explored a considerable extent of the recently excavated subterranean, a task which requires no slight devotion to antiquities to induce the visitor to persevere, the inequalities of the ground exposing one continually to the danger of a fall, or to the still more perilous chance—as occurred to one of our party—of the head coming in contact with the roof.

We saw also fragments of a theatre in the garden of the convent of La Misericorde, consisting of two large marble columns and two arches.

In the ancient church of St. Anne, now converted into a museum, are collected all the fragments of antiquity discovered at Arles, and in

its vicinity; some of them highly interesting, and bearing evidences of the former splendour of the place.

An altar dedicated to the Goddess of Good; the celebrated Mithras with a serpent coiled round him, between the folds of which are sculptured the signs of the zodiac; Medea and her children; a milestone bearing the names of the Emperors Theodosius and Valentinian; a basso-relievo of the Muses; several sarcophagi, votive altars, cornices, pillars, mutilated statues, and inscriptions, are here carefully preserved: but nothing in the collection equals the statue known by the title of the Venus of Arles, found here, and which is so deservedly admired at the Louvre.

An obelisk of granite, about sixty feet high, said to be the only antique one in France, stands on the place of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Discovered in 1389, it was not disinterred from the earth in which it was embedded until the reign of Charles IX, and was erected on its present site in 1676, with a dedication to the then reigning sovereign, Louis XIV. A globe, ornamented with *fleurs de lis* placed on its point, deteriorates, in my opinion, from the beauty of its effect. It was originally in one block, but it was broken in two by its overturn.

Many houses in the streets have portions of

columns, friezes, and cornices embedded in their walls; and one of them occupied by a barber, had a column in front, to which the insignia of his profession were attached. Ruins, said to be those of the palace of Constantine, were pointed out to us, as well as fragments of a forum and baths.

Arles is certainly one of the most interesting towns I have ever seen, whether viewed as a place remarkable for the objects of antiquity it contains, or for the primitive manners of its inhabitants and its picturesque appearance.

The quays are spacious and well built, presenting a very different aspect to the streets; for the former are very populous, being frequented by the boatmen who ply their busy commerce between Lyons and Marseilles—*dépôts* for the merchandize being erected along them, while the latter are comparatively deserted.

With this facility of communication with two such flourishing towns, it is extraordinary that Arles should have so long retained the primitive simplicity that seems to pervade it, and that a good *hôtel* has not yet been established here.

Our good hostess provided nearly as substantial a supper for us last night as the early dinner served up on our arrival, and again presided at the repast, pressing us to eat, and recommending, with genuine kindness, the various speci-

mens of dainties set before us. Our beds, though homely, were clean; and I have seldom in the most luxurious ones, reposed equally soundly.

When our courier asked for the bill this morning, the landlady declared she “knew not what to charge, that she never was in the habit of making out bills, and that we must give her what we thought right.”

The courier urged the necessity of having a regular bill, explaining to her that he was obliged to file all bills, and produce them every week for the arrangement of his accounts,—but in vain: she could not, she declared, make one out; and no one in her house was more expert than herself.

She came to us, laughing and protesting, and ended by saying, “Pay what you like; things are very cheap at Arles. You have eaten very little; really, it is not worth charging for.” But, when we persisted on having her at least name a sum, to our infinite surprise she asked, if a couple of louis would be too much?—And this for a party of six, and six servants, for two days!

We had some difficulty in inducing her to accept a suitable indemnification, and parted, leaving her proclaiming what she was pleased to consider our excessive generosity, and reiterating her good wishes.

CHAPTER III.

ST. REMY.

Situation of the Town—Antiquities—The Triumphal Arch described—Male and Female Figures—The Mausoleum—Bass-relievi of Battles, Infantry, &c.—Figure of a Winged Female—Latin Inscription—Variously explained—Interpretation of Monsieur P. Malosse—Respect for the Departed—On the Triumphal Arch and Mausoleum at St. Remy.

THE town of St. Rémy is delightfully situated in a hollow that resembles the crater of an extinct volcano, and is surrounded by luxuriant groves of olive. The streets, though generally narrow, are rendered picturesque by several old houses, the architecture of which is striking; and the *place*—for even St. Rémy has its Place Publique and Hôtel-de-Ville—is not without pretensions to ornament. In the centre of this *place* is a pretty fountain, of a pyramidal form.

The antiquities which attracted us to St. Rémy are at a short distance from the town, on an eminence to the south of it, and are approached by a road worthy the objects to which it conducts. They consist of a triumphal arch, and a mausoleum, about forty-five feet asunder.

Of the triumphal arch, all above the arch-vault has disappeared, leaving but the portico,

the proportions of which are neither lofty nor wide. On each side of it are two fluted columns, said to have been of the Corinthian order, but without capitals, and the intercolumniations, in each of which are figures of male and female captives.

A tree divides the male from the female; their hands are tied, and chained to the tree; and a graceful drapery falls from above the heads down to the consoles on which the figures stand.

On the eastern side of the arch are also figures, representing two women by the side of two men. One of the women has her hand on the arm of a chained warrior, and the other has at her feet military trophies; among which bucklers, arms, and trumpets, may be seen. The pilasters that bound the intercolumniations are of the Doric order, and their capitals support the arch.

The cornice and astragals form a frieze, in which military emblems and symbols of sacrifice are intermingled. The archivault is ornamented on each side with sculptured wreaths of ivy, pine cones, branches of grapes and olives, interlaced with ribands. The ceiling of the portico is divided into hexagons and squares, enriched by various designs in the shape of eggs and roses, finely executed.

This interesting monument appears to have been ornamented with equal care and richness on every side, but its decorations have not enabled any of the numerous antiquaries who have hitherto examined it to throw any light on its origin; and the destruction of its architecture must have caused that of its inscription, if, indeed, it ever bore one.

The mausoleum is even more curious than the arch, as being the only building of a similar character of architecture to be seen.

Placed on a large square pediment, approached by two steps, the edifice rises with unequalled lightness and beauty against the blue sky, forming two stages supported by columns and pilasters, united by a finely sculptured frieze. The first stage retreats from the pediment; and the second, which is of a round form, and terminated by a conical-shaped top, is less in advance than the first, giving a pyramidal effect.

The four fronts of the pediment are nearly covered by bassi-relievi, representing battles of infantry; the figures of which are nearly as large as life, and admirably designed.

On the north front is a combat of cavalry; on the west, an engagement, in the midst of which the body of a man is lying on the ground, one party of soldiers endeavouring to take posses-

sion of it, while another band of soldiers are trying to prevent them.

The basso-relievo of the south front represents a field of battle, strewed with the dead and wounded, and mingled with warriors on horse-back and on foot. On one side is seen a wild boar between the legs of the soldiers; and on the other, a female figure, quite nude, prostrate on the earth before a rearing horse, which some soldiers are endeavouring to restrain.

In the centre of the basso-relievo is an old man expiring, surrounded by several persons; and at one end a soldier, bearing arms on his shoulder, has been left unfinished by the sculptor; there not being sufficient space for the figure, which is partly designed on the adjoining pilaster.

On the east front is a winged female bearing the attributes of Victory, with several women and warriors, and an allegorical personage said to represent a river, because it holds in one hand a symbol of water. This last figure, also, is partly sculptured on the contiguous pilaster, as is the one previously noted, which proves that these ornaments were not executed at the time of the erection of the edifice.

The pediment has a simple cornice around it, and the angles are finished by voluted pilasters without a base, but with Ionic capitals, which

have an extraordinary effect. Above the basso-relievo is a massive garland, supported by three boys, at equal distances; and between them are four heads of old men, as hideously grotesque as the imaginations of the sculptors could render them.

The first stage of the mausoleum which rises from this pedestal is pierced by an arch on each side, in the form of a portico, and their archivaults are ornamented by foliage and scrolls.

The arches rest on plain pilasters, with capitals more resembling the Doric than any other order of architecture. On the keystone of each arch is the mark of a youthful male head, surmounted by two wings. The four angles of the first stage are finished by a fluted column, with a capital charmingly executed, like, but not quite, the Corinthian. These columns sustain an entablature or two, which terminate this stage, and its frieze is enriched with sculpture representing winged sea-monsters and sirens with sacrificial instruments.

Above the first stage rises the second, which is of a round form, with ten fluted columns, which support its circular entablature; the capitals of these columns are similar to those of the first stage, and the frieze is ornamented with foliage delicately sculptured.

A round cupola terminates this building,

through which the light shines in on every side, although two male statues in togas occupy the centre of it.

To view the height at which these figures are placed, one would suppose they were safe from the attacks of the mischievous or the curious; nevertheless, they did not escape, for, many years ago, during the night, their heads were taken off, and those that replaced them reflect little credit on the taste or skill of the modern sculptor who executed the task.

On the architrave of the entablature of the first stage, and on the north front, is the following inscription:—

SEX. L. M. JVLIEI. C. F. PARENTIBVS. SVEIS.

Various are the opinions given by the writers who have noticed this monument as to the cause for which, and person, or persons for whom, it was erected. Some maintain that the triumphal arch from its vicinity has a relation to the mausoleum, while others assert them to have been built at different epochs.

The inscription has only served to base the different hypotheses of antiquaries, among which that of the Abbé Barthélemy is considered the most probable; namely, that in the three first words are found two initials, which he considers may be rendered as follows:—

SEXTVS • LUCIVS • MARCVS ;

and the two other initials c. f., which follow the word JULIEI, may be explained in the same manner to signify Caii Filii, and being joined to Juliei, which precedes, may be received to mean Julii Caii Filii.

Mantour's reading of the inscription is Caius Sextius Lucius, Maritus JULIÆ Incomparabilis, Curavit Fieri PARENTIBUS SUIIS; which he translates into Caius Sextius Lucius, Husband of Julia, caused this Monument to be erected to the Memory of his Ancestors, and the victories achieved by them in Provence, which on different occasions had been the theatre of war of the Romans.

Bouche's version of it is—

$$\text{Sextus} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Lucius,} \\ \text{Lælius,} \\ \text{Liberius,} \end{array} \right\} \text{Maritus Juliæ}$$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Istud Cenotaphium,} \\ \text{or,} \\ \text{Intra Circulum,} \end{array} \right\} \text{Fecit Parentibus Suis:}$$

which he asserts to mean—Sextus, in honour of his Father and Mother, buried in this place, and represented by the two statues surrounded by columns in the upper part of the mausoleum.

Monsieur P. Malosse, to whose work on the

antiquities of St. Rémy I am indebted for the superficial knowledge I have attained of these interesting objects, explains the inscription to mean—

SEXTVS • LVCIVS • MARCVS • JVLIEI • CVRAV •
ERUNT • FIERI • SVEIS ;

which he translates into Sextus, Lucius, Marcus (all three), of the race of Julius, elevated this monument to the glory of their relations.

M. Malosse believes that the mausoleum was erected to Julius, and the arch to Augustus Cæsar—the first being dead, and the second then living; and that the statues in the former, in the Roman togas, were intended to represent the two.

He imagines that the subjects of the bassi-relievi on the four fronts of the mausoleum bear out this hypothesis. That of the east, he says, represents the combat of the Romans with the Germans on the bank of the Rhine, (of which river the one on the basso-relievo is the emblem), and the triumph of Cæsar over Ariovistus, whose women were taken prisoners.

The basso-relievo on the south front represents Cæsar's conquest of the Allobroges, and the capture of the daughter of Orgetorix, one of the most powerful men of the country, and in-

stigator of the war. The basso-relievo on the north front, representing a combat of cavalry, refers to the victory over the Britons; and that of the west front, to the battle gained by the Romans over the Gauls, in which the general of the latter was killed in the midst of his soldiers, who endeavoured to prevent his being seized by the enemy.

Passages from the *Commentaries of Cæsar* favour this ingenious interpretation of M. P. Malosse; but the abbreviations adopted in the inscription, while well calculated to give rise to innumerable hypotheses, will for ever leave in doubt, by whom and in honour of whom, these edifices were erected, as well as the epoch at which they were built.

Who could look on these monuments without reflecting on the vanity of mortals in thus offering up testimonials of their respect for persons of whose very names posterity is ignorant? For the identity of those in whose honour the Arch of Triumph and Mausoleum of St. Rémy were raised puzzles antiquaries as much as does that of the individual for whom the pyramid of Egypt was built. Vain effort, originating in the weakness of our nature, to preserve the memory of that which was dear to us, and which we would fain believe will insure the

reverence of ages unborn for that which we
venerated!

ON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND MAUSO-
LEUM AT ST. REMY.

1.

Yon stately tomb that seeks the sky,
Erected to the glorious dead,
Through whose high arches sweeps the sigh
The night winds heave when day has fled;

2.

How fair its pillared stories rise
'Gainst yon blue firmament so pure;
Fair as they met admiring eyes,
Long ages past, they still endure.

3.

Yes, many a race hath left the earth
Since first this Mausoleum rose;
So many, that the name, or birth,
Of dead, or founder, no one knows.

4.

The sculptured pictures, all may see,
Were by a skilful artist wrought;
But, Time! the secret rests with thee,
Which to unravel men have sought.

5.

Of whom were they, the honoured dead,
Whose mem'ry Love would here record?
Lift up the veil, so long o'erspread,
And tell whose dust yon fane doth guard.

6.

Name those whose love outlived the grave
And sought to give for aye to fame
Mementos of the good and brave,
Of whom thou hast effaced the name.

7.

We know but that they lived and died—
No more this stately tomb can tell:
Here come and read a lesson, Pride,
This monument can give so well.

8.

They lived—they hoped—they suffered—loved—
As all of Earth have ever done;
Were oft by wild Ambition moved,
And basked, perchance, 'neath glory's Sun.

9.

They deemed that they should leave behind
Undying names. Yet, mark this fane,
For whom it rose, by whom designed,
Learned antiquaries search in vain.

10.

Still doth it wear the form it wore
Through the dim lapse of by-gone age;
Triumph of Art in days of yore,
Whose Hist'ry fills the classic page.

11.

To honour Victors it is said
'Twas raised, though none their names can trace;
It stands as monument instead,
Unto each long-forgotten race,

12.

Who came, like me, to gaze and brood
Upon it in this lonely spot—
Their minds with pensive thoughts imbued,
That Heroes could be thus forgot.

13.

Yet still the wind a requiem sighs,
And the blue sky above it weeps;
The sun pours down its radiant dyes,
Though none can tell who 'neath it sleeps,

14.

And seasons roll, and centuries pass,
And still unchanged thou keep'st thy place;
While we, like shadows in a glass,
Soon glide away, and leave no trace,

15.

And yon proud arch, the Victor's meed,
Is nameless as the neighbouring Tomb:
Victor, and Dead, the Fates decreed
Your memory to oblivion's gloom.

CHAPTER IV.

LYONS.

The *Fete de Dieu*—Procession through the Streets—Ecclesiastical and Military Pomp—Decorations in the Streets—Effect produced on the Mind by Sacred Music—Excitements to Religious Fervour—The *Miserere*.

I SEE little alteration at Lyons since I formerly passed through it. Its manufactories are, nevertheless, flourishing, though less improvement than could be expected is visible in the external aspect of the place.

This being Sunday, and the *Fête de Dieu*, the garrison, with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and all in gala dress, marched through the streets to attend Divine worship. The train was headed by our old acquaintance General Le Paultre de la Motte, (whom we left at Lyons on our route to Italy), and his staff; wearing all their military decorations, attended by a vast procession, including the whole of the clergy in their rich attires, and all the different religious communities in the town.

The officers were bare-headed—their spurred heels and warlike demeanour rendering this ho-

mage to a sacred ceremony more picturesque. The gold and silver brocaded vestments and snowy robes of the priests glittering in the sun, as they marched along to the sound of martial music, looked very gorgeous; and this mixture of ecclesiastical and military pomp had an imposing effect.

The streets through which the procession passed were ornamented with rich draperies and flowers, reminding me of Italy on similar occasions; and the intense heat of a sun glowing like a fiery furnace, aided the recollection.

Since I have been on the Continent, it has often struck me with surprise, that on solemn occasions like the present, sacred music has not been performed instead of military. Nay, I have heard quadrilles and waltzes played, fruitful in festive associations little suited to the feelings which ought to have been excited by solemn ceremonials.

Knowing, by experience, the effect produced on the mind by sacred music, it is much to be wished that so potent an aid to devotional sentiment should not be omitted, *malgré* whatever may be said against any extraneous assistance in offering up those devotions which the heart should be ever prompt to fulfil without them.

I leave to casuists to argue whether, or how far, music, sculpture, or painting, may be em-

ployed as excitements to religious fervour; but I confess, although the acknowledgment may expose me to the censure of those who differ with me in opinion, that I consider them powerful adjuncts, and, consequently, not to be resigned because *some*—and happy, indeed, may they be deemed—stand in no need of such incitements to devotion.

Who that has heard the “*Miserère*” in the Sistine chapel at Rome, and seen, while listening to it, “The Last Judgment,” by Michael Angelo, on its walls, without feeling the powerful influence they exercised on the feelings?

CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

Fatiguing Journey—Six years Absence—Joy of Meeting—Fashion at Paris—Extravagant Charges—Caution to Husbands—A Word, also, to Wives—House-hunting—Residence of the Marechal Lobeau—Restrictions at Court—Accident to the Comte de Bourmont—Alarm of the Ladies—The Duchesse d'Angouleme—Her trials and Endurance—The Opera—*Debut* of Taglioni—Her poetical Style of Dancing—Attentions to the Fair Sex in France—Similarity in the Exterior of Parisian Ladies—The Princesse de la Moskowa—Sad Interview—Marechal Ney.

June, 1828.—A fatiguing journey, over dusty roads, and in intensely hot weather, has brought us to Paris, with no accident save the failure of one of the wheels of our large landau—a circumstance that caused the last day's travelling to be anything but agreeable; for though our courier declared the temporary repair it received rendered it perfectly safe, I was by no means satisfied on the point.

We have taken up our abode in the Hôtel de Terrasse, Rue de Rivoli, are well-lodged, but somewhat incommoded by the loud reverberation of the pavement, as the various vehicles

roll rapidly over it. We were told that "it would be nothing when we got used to it"—an assertion, the truth of which, I trust, we shall not remain sufficiently long to test; for I have a peculiar objection to noise of every kind, and a long residence in Italy has not conquered it.

So here we are, once more, at Paris, after six years' absence from it; and I find all that has hitherto met my eyes in it *in statu quo*. How many places have I seen during that period; how many associations formed; how many and what various impressions received; and here is everything around looking so precisely as I left them, that I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have indeed been so many years absent!

When we bring back with us the objects most dear, and find those we left unchanged, we are tempted to doubt the lapse of time; but one link in the chain of affection broken, and everything seems altered.

On entering Paris, I felt my impatience to see our dear friends there redouble; and before we had despatched the dinner awaiting our arrival, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche came to us. How warm was our greeting; how many questions to be asked and answered; how many congratulations and pleasant plans for the future to

be formed; how many reminiscences of our mutual *séjour* in dear Italy to be talked over!

The Duchesse was radiant in health and beauty, and the Duc looking, as he always does, more *distingué* than any one else—the perfect *beau idéal* of a nobleman.

We soon quitted the *salle à manger*; for who could eat during the joy of a first meeting with those so valued?—Not I, certainly; and all the rest of our party were as little disposed to do honour to the repast commanded for us.

It was a happy evening. Seated in the *salon*, and looking out on the pleasant gardens of the Tuilleries, the perfume of those orange-trees was wafted to us by the air as we talked over old times, and indulged in cheerful anticipations of new ones, and the tones of voices familiar to the ears thus again restored, were heard with emotion.

Yes, the meeting of dear friends atones for the regret of separation; and like it so much enhances affection, that after absence one wonders how one has been able to stay away from them so long.

Too excited to sleep, although fatigued, I am writing down my impressions; yet how tame and colourless they seem on paper when compared with the emotions that dictate them!

How often have I experienced the impossibility of painting strong feelings during their reign!

[*Mem.*—We should be cautious in giving implicit credit to descriptions written with great power, as I am persuaded they indicate a too perfect command of the faculties of the head to admit the possibility of those of the heart having been much excited when they were written.

This belief of mine controverts the assertion of the poet—

“He best can paint them who has felt them most.”

Except that the poet says who *has* felt; yes it is after, and not when most felt that sentiments can be most powerfully expressed. But to bed! to bed!]

I have had a busy day; engaged during the greater portion of it in the momentous occupation of shopping. Everything belonging to my toilette is to be changed, for I have discovered —“tell it not in Gath”—that my hats, bonnets, robes, mantles, and pelisses, are totally *passée de mode*, and what the *modistes* of Italy declared to be *la dernière mode de Paris* is so old as to be forgotten here.

The woman who wishes to be a philosopher must avoid Paris! Yesterday I entered it, caring or thinking as little of *la Mode* as if there were no such tyrant; and lo! to-day, I found

myself ashamed, as I looked from the Duchesse de Guiche, attired in her becoming and pretty *peignir à la neige* and *chapeau de dernier goût*, to my own dress and bonnet, which previously I had considered very wearable, if not very tasteful.

Our first visit was to Herbault's, the high-priest of the Temple of Fashion at Paris; and I confess, the look of astonishment which he bestowed on my bonnet did not help to reassure my confidence as to my appearance.

The Duchesse, too quick-sighted not to observe his surprise, explained that I had been six years absent from Paris, and only arrived the night before from Italy. I saw the words *à la bonheur* hovering on the lips of Herbault, but he was too well-bred to give utterance to them, and immediately ordered to be brought forth the choicest of his hats, caps, and turbans.

Oh, the misery of trying on a new *mode* for the first time, and before a stranger! The eye accustomed to see the face to which it appertains enveloped in a *chapeau* more or less large or small, is shocked at the first attempt to wear one of a different size; and turns from the contemplation of the image presented in the glass with anything but self-complacency, listening incredulously to the flattering encomiums of the not disinterested *marchand de modes*, who avers

that "*Ce chapeau sied parfaitement à Madame la Comtesse, et ce bonnet lui va à ravir.*"

I must, however, render M. Herbault the justice to say, that he evinced no ordinary tact in suggesting certain alterations in his *chapeaux* and caps, in order to suit my face; and, aided by the inimitable good taste of the Duchesse, who passes for an oracle in *affaires de modes à Paris*, a selection was made that enabled me to leave M. Herbault's, looking a little more like other people.

From his Temple of Fashion we proceeded to the *lingere à la mode*, Mdlle. La Touche, where *canezus* and *robes de matin* were to be chosen and ordered; and we returned to the Hôtel de la Terrasse, my head filled with notions of the importance of dressing *à la mode*, to which yesterday it was a stranger, and my purse considerably lightened by the two visits I had paid.

Englishwomen who have not made their purchases at the houses of the *marchandes de modes* considered the most *recherché* at Paris, have no idea of the extravagance of the charges. Prices are demanded that really make a prudent person start; nevertheless, she who wishes to attain the distinction so generally sought, of being perfectly well dressed, which means being in the newest fashion, must submit to pay largely for it.

Three hundred and twenty francs for a crape hat and feathers, two hundred for a *chapeau à fleurs*, one hundred for a *chapeau negligé de matin*, and eighty-five francs for an evening-cap composed of tulle trimmed with blonde and flowers, are among the prices asked, and, to my shame be it said, given.

It is true, hats, caps, and bonnets may be had for very reasonable prices in the shops in the Rue Vivienne and elsewhere at Paris, as I and many of my female compatriots found out when I was formerly in this gay capital; but the bare notion of wearing such would positively shock a lady of fashion at Paris, as much as it would an English one, to appear in a hat manufactured in Cranbourn Alley.

Here Fashion is a despot, and no one dreams of evading its dictates.

Having noticed the extravagance of the prices, it is but fair to remark the elegance and good taste of the millinery to be found at Monsieur Herbault's. His *chapeaux* look as if made by fairy fingers, so fresh, so light, do they appear; and his caps seem as if the gentlest sigh of a summer's zephyr would bear them from sight, so ærial is their texture, and so delicate are the flowers that adorn them, fresh from the *ateliers* of Natier, or Baton.

Beware, O ye uxorious husbands! how ye

bring your youthful brides to the dangerous atmosphere of Paris, while yet in that paradise of fools yeled the honey-moon, ere you have learned to curve your brows into a frown, or to lengthen your visages at the sight of a long bill.

In that joyful season, when having pleased your eyes and secured your hearts, your fair orides, with that amiability which is one of the peculiar characteristics of their sex, are anxious to please all the world, and from no other motive than that *your* choice should be admired, beware of entering Paris, except *en passant*. Wait until you have recovered that firmness of character which generally comes back to a Benedict after the first year of his nuptials, before you let your wives wander through the tempting mazes of the *magasin de modes* of this intoxicating city.

And you, fair dames, "with stinted sums assigned," in the shape of pin-money, beware how you indulge that taste for pretty bonnets, hats, caps, and turbans, with which all bountiful Nature has so liberally gifted you; for, alas! "beneath the roses fierce Repentance rears her snaky crest" in form of a bill, the payment of which will "leave you poor indeed" for many a long day after, unless your liege lord, melted by the long-drawn sighs heaved when you re-

mark on the wonderfully high prices of things at Paris, opens his purse-strings, and, with something between a pshaw and a grunt, makes you an advance of your next quarter's pin-money; or, better still, a present of one of the hundred pounds with which he had intended to try his good luck at the club.

Went yesterday to the Rue d'Anjou, to visit Madame Craufurd. Her hôtel is a charming one, *entre cour et jardin*; and she is the most extraordinary person of her age I have ever seen. In her eightieth year, she does not look to be more than fifty-five; and possesses all the vivacity and good humour peculiar only to youth.

Scrupulously exact in her person, and dressed with the utmost care, as well as good taste, she gives me a notion of the appearance which the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos must have presented at the same age, and has much of the charm of manner said to have belonged to that remarkable woman.

It was an interesting sight to see her surrounded by her grand-children and great-grand-children, all remarkable for their good looks, and affectionately attached to her, while she appears not a little proud of them. The children of the Duc de Guiche have lost nothing of their beauty

since their *séjour* at Pisa, and are as ingenuous and amusing as formerly.

I never saw such handsome children before, nor so well brought up. No trouble or expense is spared in their education; and the Duc and Duchesse devote a great portion of their time to them.

All our friends are occupied in looking out for a house for us; and I have this day been over, at least, ten—only one of which seems likely to suit.

I highly approve the mode at Paris of letting unfurnished houses, or apartments, with mirrors and decorations, as well as all fixtures (with us, in England, always charged separately), free of any extra expense. The good taste evinced in the ornaments is in general remarkable, and far superior to what is to be met with in England; where, if one engages a new house lately papered or painted, one is compelled to recolour the rooms before they can be occupied, owing to the gaudy and ill-assorted patterns originally selected.

The house of the Maréchal Lobeau, forming the corner of the Rue de Bourbon, is the one I prefer of all those I have yet seen, although it has many *désagrémens* for so large an establishment as ours. But I am called to go to the review in the Champ de Mars, so *allons* for a

spectacle militaire, which, I am told, is to be very fine.

The review was well worth seeing; and the troops performed their evolutions with great precision. The crowd of spectators was immense; so much so, that those only who formed part of the royal *cortège* could reach the Champ de Mars in time to see its commencement. No carriages, save those of the court, were allowed to enter the file.

The dust was insupportable; and the pretty dresses of the ladies suffered from it nearly as much as did the smart uniforms of the officers.

The *coup d'œil* from the pavilion (where we had, thanks to our *chaperon*, the Duchesse de Guiche, front seats) was very fine. The various and splendid uniforms, floating standards, waving plumes, glittering arms, and prancing steeds, gave to the vast plain over which the troops were moving a most animated aspect, while the sounds of martial music exhilarated the spirits.

Nor was the view presented by the interior of the pavilion without its charms. A number of ladies, some of them young and handsome, and all remarkably well-dressed, gave to the benches ranged along it the appearance of a rich *parterre*, among the flowers of which the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche shone pre-eminent.

I was seated next to a lady, with large lustrous eyes and a pale olive complexion, whose countenance, from its extreme mobility, attracted my attention; at one moment, lighting up with intelligence, and the next, softening into pensiveness.

A remarkably handsome young man stood behind her, holding her shawl, and lavishing on her those attentions peculiar to young Benedicts. The lady proved to be the Marchioness de Loulé, sister to the King of Portugal; and the gentleman turned out to be her husband, for whose *beaux yeux* she contracted what is considered a *mésalliance*.

The simplicity of her dress, and unaffectedness of her manner, invested her with new attractions in my eyes; which increased when I reflected on the elevated position she had resigned, to follow the more humble fortunes of her handsome husband.

How strange, yet how agreeable too, must the change be, from the most formal court, over which Etiquette holds a despotic sway, to the freedom from such disagreeable constraint permitted to those in private life, and now enjoyed by this Spanish princess!

She appears to enjoy this newly acquired liberty with a zest in proportion to her past enthrallment, and has proved that the daugh-

ter of a king of Portugal has a heart, though the queens of its neighbour, Spain, were in former days not supposed to have legs.

During the evolutions, a general officer was thrown from his horse; and a universal agitation among a group of ladies evinced that they were in a panic. Soon the name of the general, Count de Bourmont, was heard pronounced; and a faint shriek, followed by a half swoon from one of the fair dames, announced her deep interest in the accident.

Flacons and vinaigrettes were presented to her on every side, all the ladies present seeming to have come prepared for some similar catastrophe; but in a few minutes a messenger, despatched by the general, assured Madame la Comtesse of his perfect safety; and tears of joy testified her satisfaction at the news.

This little episode in the review showed me the French ladies in a very amiable point of view. Their sensibility and agitation during the uncertainty as to the person thrown, vouched for the liveliness of their conjugal affection; and their sympathy for Madame la Comtesse de Bourmont, when it was ascertained that her husband was the sufferer, bore evidence to the kindness of their hearts, as well as to their facility in performing the little services so ac-

ceptable in moments like those I had just witnessed.

Charles X., the Dauphin and Dauphine, and the Duchesse de Berri, were present—the two latter in landaus, attended by their ladies. The king looked well, his gray hair and tall thin figure giving him a very venerable aspect.

The Dauphine is much changed since I last saw her, and the care and sorrow of her childhood have left their traces on her countenance. I never saw so melancholy a face, and the strength of intellect which characterizes it renders it still more so, by indicating that the marks of sorrow so visible were not indented on that brow without many an effort from the strong mind to resist the attacks of grief.

I remember reading years ago of the melancholy physiognomy of King Charles I, which when seen in his portrait by a Florentine sculptor, to whom it was sent in order that a bust should be made from it, drew forth the observation that the countenance indicated that its owner would come to a violent death.

I was reminded of this anecdote by the face of the Duchesse d'Angoulême; for though I do not pretend to a prescience as to her future fate, I cannot help arguing from it that, even should a peaceful reign await her, the fearful trials of her youth have destroyed in her the

power of enjoyment; and that on a throne she can never forget the father and mother she saw hurried from it, to meet every insult that malice could invent, or cruelty could devise, before a violent death freed them from their sufferings.

Who can look on this heroic woman without astonishment at the power of endurance that has enabled her to live on under such trials? Martyr is written in legible characters on that brow, and on those lips; and her attempt to smile made me more sad than the tears of a mourner would have done, because it revealed "a grief too deep for tears."

Must she not tremble for the future, if not for the present, among a people so versatile as those among whom she is now thrown? And can she look from the windows of the palace she has been recalled to inhabit, without seeing the spot where the fearful guillotine was reared that made her an orphan?

The very plaudits that now rend the skies for her uncle must remind her of the shouts that followed her father to the scaffold: no wonder, then, that she grows pale as she hears them; and that the memory of the terrible past, written in characters of blood, gives a sombre hue to the present and to the future.

The sight of her, too, must awaken disagreeable recollections in those over whom her hus-

band may be soon called to reign, for the history of the crimes of the Revolution is stamped on her face, whose pallid tint and rigid muscles tell of the horror and affliction imprinted on her youth; the reminiscence of which cannot be pleasant to them.

The French not only love their country passionately, but are inordinately proud of it; hence, aught that reminds them of its sins—and cruelty is one of a deep dye—must be humiliating to them; so that the presence of the Duchesse d'Angoulême cannot be flattering to their *amor patriæ* or *amour propre*. I thought of all this to-day, as I looked on the face of Madame la Dauphine; and breathed a hope that the peace of her life's evening may console her for the misfortunes of its morning and its noon.

The Duchesse de Berri has an animated and peculiarly good-natured expression of countenance. Her restored gaiety makes the French forget why it was long and cruelly over-clouded, and aids the many good qualities which she possesses, in securing the popularity she has so generally acquired in the country of her adoption.

House hunting again, and still unsuited. Dined yesterday at the Duchesse de Guiche's; a very pleasant party, increased by some agreeable people in the evening. Our old acquaint-

ance, William Lock, was among the guests at dinner, and is as good-looking and light-hearted as ever.

The Marquis l'Espérance de l'Aigle was also present, and is a perfect specimen of the fine gentleman of *La Vieille Cour*—a race now nearly extinct. Possessing all the gaiety and vivacity of youth, with that attention to the feelings of others peculiar only to maturity and high-breeding, the Count l'Espérance de l'Aigle is universally beloved.

He can talk over old times with the grandmother with all the wit that we read of, oftener than we meet with; give his opinion of *la dernier mode* to the youthful mother, with rare tact and good taste; dance with the young daughter as actively and gracefully as any *garçon des dix-huit ans* in Paris; and gallop through the Bois de Boulogne with the young men who pride themselves on their riding, without being ever left behind. I had frequently heard his praises from the Duchesse de Guiche, and found that her description of him was very accurate.

The house of the Duc de Guiche is a picture of English comfort and French elegance united; and that portion of it appropriated to its fair mistress is fitted up with exquisite taste. Her *salons* and *boudoir* are objects of *vertù*, *bijou*—

terie, and vases of old Sévre, enough to excite envy in those who can duly appreciate such treasures, and tempt to the violation of the tenth commandment. Order reigns in the whole arrangement of the establishment, which, possessing all the luxurious appliances of a *maison montée*, has all the scrupulous cleanliness of that of a Quaker.

Went to the Opera last night, where I saw the *début* of the new *danseuse* Taglioni. Hers is a totally new style of dancing; graceful beyond all comparison, wonderful lightness, an absence of all violent effort, or at least of the appearance of it, and a modesty as new as it is delightful to witness in her art. She seems to float and bound like a sylph across the stage, never executing those *tours de force* that we know to be difficult and wish were impossible, being always performed at the expense of decorum and grace, and requiring only activity for their achievement.

She excited the most rapturous applause, and received it with a "decent dignity," very unlike the leering smiles with which, in general, a *danseuse* thinks it necessary to advance to the front of the proscenium, showing all her teeth, as she lowly courtesies to the audience.

There is a sentiment in the dancing of this charming votary of Terpsichore that elevates it far beyond the licentious style generally adopted

by the ladies of her profession, and which bids fair to accomplish a reformation.

The Duc de Cazes, who came in to the Duchesse de Guiche's box, was enthusiastic in his praises of Mademoiselle Taglioni, and said hers was the most poetical style of dancing he had ever seen. Another observed, that it was indeed the poetry of motion. I would describe it as being the epic of dancing.

The Duc de Cazes is a very distinguished looking man, with a fine and intelligent countenance, and very agreeable manners.

A propos of manners, I am struck with the great difference between those of Frenchmen and Englishmen of the same station in life. The latter treat women with a politeness that seems the result of habitual amenity; the former with a homage that appears to be inspired by the peculiar claims of the sex, particularized in the individual woman, and is consequently more flattering.

An Englishman seldom lays himself out to act the agreeable to women; a Frenchman never omits an opportunity of so doing: hence, the attentions of the latter are less gratifying than those of the former, because a woman, however free from vanity, may suppose that when an Englishman takes the trouble—and it is evidently a trouble, more or less, to all our islanders

to enact the agreeable—she has really inspired him with the desire to please.

In France, a woman may forget that she is neither young nor handsome; for the absence of these claims to attention does not expose her to be neglected by the male sex. In England, the elderly and the ugly “could a tale unfold” of the *naïveté* with which men evince their sense of the importance of youth and beauty, and their oblivion of the presence of those who have neither.

France is the paradise for old women, particularly if they are *spirituelle*; but England is the purgatory.

The Comtesses de Bellegarde called on me to-day, and two more warm-hearted or enthusiastic persons I never saw. Though no longer young, they possess all the gaiety of youth, without any of its thoughtlessness, and have an earnestness in their kindness that is very pleasant.

Dined yesterday at Madame Craufurd’s—a very pleasant party. Met there the Duc de Gramont, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Colonel and Lady Barbara Craufurd, and Count Valeski.

The Duc de Gramont is a fine old man, who has seen much of the world, without having been soured by its trials. Faithful to his sovereign during adversity, he is affectionately cherished by the whole of the present royal

family, who respect and love him; and his old age is cheered by the unceasing devotion of his children, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, who are fondly attached to him.

He gives up much of his time to the culture of flowers, and is more interested in the success of his dahlias than in those scenes of country circles in which he is called to fill so distinguished a part. It pleased me to hear him telling his beautiful daughter-in-law of the perfection of a flower she had procured him with some trouble; and then adding: "*A propos* of flowers, how is our sweet Ida, to-day? There is no flower in my garden like her!—Ay, she will soon be two years old."

There is something soothing to the mind in the contemplation of a man in the evening of life, whose youth was spent in all the splendour of a court, and whose manhood has been tried by adversity, turning to Nature for her innocent pleasures, when the discovery of the futility of all others has been made. This choice vouches for the purity of heart and goodness of him who has adopted it, and disposes me to give ample credit to all the commendation the Duchesse de Guiche used to utter of him in Italy.

Lady Barbara Craufurd is an excellent specimen of an English woman. Pretty, without

vanity or affectation; gentle, without insipidity; and simple, yet highly polished, in manners. She has, too, a low, "sweet voice, an excellent thing in woman," and, to me, whose ears offer even a more direct road to the heart than to the eyes, is a peculiar attraction.

Colonel Craufurd seems to be the quintessence of good nature and of good sense. Count Valeski is an intelligent young man, greatly *à la mode* at Paris, and wholly unspoilt by this distinction. Handsome, well-bred, and agreeable, he is very popular, not only among the fine ladies but fine gentlemen here, and appears worthy of the favour he enjoys.

Several people of both sexes came in the evening to Madame Craufurd's, and we had some excellent music. Madame C. does the honours of her *salon* with peculiar grace. She has a bright smile and a kind word for every guest, without the slightest appearance of effort.

Still house-hunting; continually tempted by elegantly decorated *salons*, and as continually checked by the want of room and comfort of the rest of the apartments.

We have been compelled to abandon the project of taking the Maréchal Lobeau's house, or at least that portion of it which he wishes to dispose of, for we found it impossible to lodge so large an establishment as ours in it; and, though

we communicated this fact with all possible courtesy to the Maréchal, we have received a note in answer, written in a different style, as he is pleased to think that, having twice inspected his apartments, we ought to have taken them.

In England, a person of the Maréchal's rank who had a house to let would not show it *in propria personâ*, but would delegate that task, as also the terms and negotiations, to some agent; thus avoiding all personal interference, and, consequently, any chance of offence: but if people *will* feel angry without any just cause, it cannot be helped; and so Monsieur la Maréchal must recover his serenity and acquire a temper more in analogy with his name; for, though a brave and distinguished officer, as well as a good man, which he is said to be, he certainly is *not Bon comme un mouton*, which is his cognomen.

Paris is now before us—where to choose is the difficulty. We saw to-day a house in the Rue St. Honoré, *entre cour et jardin*, a few doors from the English embassy. The said garden is the most tempting part of the affair; for, though the *salons* and sleeping-rooms are good, the only entrance, except by a *passage dérobé* for servants, is through the *salle à manger*, which is a great objection.

Many of the houses I have seen here have this defect, which the Parisians do not seem to consider one, although the odour of dinner must enter the *salons*, and that in the evening visitors must find servants occupied in removing the dinner apparatus, should they, as generally happens, come for the *prima sera*.

French people, however, remain so short a time at table, and dine so much earlier than the English people do, that the employment of their *salle à manger* as a passage does not annoy them.

Went to the opera last night, and saw the *Muette de Portici*. It is admirably got up, and the costumes and scenery, as well as the *tarantulas*, transported me back to Naples—dear, joyous Naples—again. Nourit enacted “Massaniello,” and his rich and flexible voice gave passion and feeling to the music. Noblet was the “Fenella,” and her pantomime and dancing were good; but Taglioni spoils one for any other dancing.

The six years that have flown over Noblet since I last saw her have left little trace of their flight, which is to be marvelled at, when one considers the violent and constant exercise that the profession of a *danseuse* demands.

When I saw the sylph-like Taglioni floating through the dance, I could not refrain from

sighing at the thought that grace and elegance like hers should be doomed to know the withering effect of Time; and that those agile limbs should one day become as stiff and helpless as those of others.

An *old danseuse* is an anomaly. She is like an old rose, rendered more displeasing by the recollection of former attractions. Then to see the figure bounding in air, habit and effort effecting something like that which the agility peculiar to youth formerly enabled her to execute almost *con amore*; while the haggard face, and distorted smile revealing yellow teeth, tell a sad tale of departed youth. Yes, an old *danseuse* is a melancholy object; more so, because less cared for than the broken-down racer, or worn-out hunter.

Went to Tivoli last night, and was amused by the scene of gaiety it presented. How unlike, and how superior to, our Vauxhall! People of all stations, of all ages, and of both sexes, threading the mazy dance with a sprightliness that evinced the pleasure it gave them.

We paused to look at group after group, all equally enjoying themselves; and the Duchesse de Guiche, from her perfect knowledge of Paris, was enabled, by a glance, to name the station in life occupied by each: a somewhat difficult task for a stranger, as the remarkably good taste

of every class of women in Paris in dress, precludes those striking contrasts between the appearance of a *modiste* and a *marquise*, the wife of a *boutiquier* and a *duchesse*, to be met with in all other countries.

But it is not in dress alone that a similarity exists in the exteriors of Parisian women. The air *comme il faut*, the perfect freedom from all *gaucherie*, the ease of demeanour, the mode of walking, and, above all, the decent dignity equally removed from *mauvaise honte* and effrontery, appertain nearly alike to all. The class denominated *grisettes* alone offered an exception, as their demonstrations of gaiety, though free from boisterousness, betrayed stronger symptoms of hilarity than were evinced by women belonging to a more elevated class in society.

The dancing, too, surprised as well as pleased me; and in this accomplishment the French still maintain their long-acknowledged superiority, for among the many groups I did not see a single bad dancer.

Around one quadrille party a more numerous audience was collected than around the others, and the *entrechats* of one of the gentlemen were much applauded. Nods and smiles passing between the dancers and the Duchesse de Guiche, revealed to me that they were among

the circle of her acquaintance; and approaching nearer, I recognized in the gentleman whose *entrechats* were so much admired, my new acquaintance the Marquis l'Espérance de l'Aigle, of whose excellence in the mazy dance I now had an opportunity of seeing that Fame had not said too much.

The ladies who formed the quadrille were la Marquise de Marmier, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, and Madame Standish; all excellent dancers, and attired in that most becoming of all styles of dress, the *demi-toilette*, which is peculiar to France, and admits of the after-dinner promenades or unceremonious visits in which French ladies indulge. A simple robe of *organdie*, with long sleeves, a *canezou* of net, a light scarf, and a pretty *chapeau* of *paille de ris*, form this becoming toilette, which is considered a suitable one for all theatres, except the Opera, where ladies go in a richer dress.

On our return from Tivoli, we had a small party to drink tea, and remained chatting till one o'clock—a late hour for Paris. Among the guests was our old friend Mr. T. Steuart, the nephew of Sir William Drummond, who continues to be as clever and original as ever. His lively remarks and brilliant sallies were very amusing.

Having complained of the want of a com-

fortable chair last evening, I found a *chef d'œuvre* of Rainguet's in my *salon* this morning, sent me by my thoughtful and ever-kind friend the Duc de Guiche. A connoisseur in chairs and sofas, being unhappily addicted to "taking mine ease" not only in "mine inn," but wherever I meet these requisites to it, I am compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Rainguet over any that I have previously seen; and my only fear is, that this luxurious chair will seduce me into the still greater indulgence of my besetting or *besitting* sin, sedentary habits.

At length, we have found a house to suit us, and a delightful one it is; once the property of the Maréchal Ney, but now belonging to the Marquis de Lillers. It is situated in the Rue de Bourbon, but the windows of the principal apartments look on the Seine, and command a delightful view of the Thuilleries Gardens. It is approached by an avenue bounded by fine trees, and is enclosed on the Rue de Bourbon side by high walls, a large *porte cochere*, and a porter's lodge; which give it all the quiet and security of a country house.

This hôtel may be viewed as a type of the splendour that marked the dwellings of the imperial *noblesse*, and some notion of it may be conceived from the fact that the decorations

of its walls alone cost a million of francs. These decorations are still—thanks to the purity of the air of Paris—as fresh as if only a year painted, and are of great beauty; so much so, that it will be not only very expensive, but very difficult to assort the furniture to them; and, unfortunately, there is not a single *meuble* in the house.

The rent is high, but there are so many competitors for the hôtel, which has only been three days in the market, that we consider ourselves fortunate in having secured it.

A small garden or rather terrace, with some large trees and plenty of flowers, separates the house from the Quai d'Orsay, and runs back at its left angle. The avenue terminates in a court, from which, on the right, a gate opens into the stable offices; and a vestibule, fitted up as a conservatory, forms an entrance to the house. A flight of marble steps on each side of the conservatory, leads to a large ante-room, from which a window of one immense plate of glass, extending from the ceiling to the floor, divides the centre, permitting the pyramids of flowers to be seen through it. A glass door on each side opens from the vestibule to the steps of the conservatory.

The vestibule, lofty and spacious, is lighted also by two other windows, beyond the conser-

vatory, and is ornamented with pilasters with Corinthian capitals.

On the right hand is the *salle à manger*, a fine room, lighted by three windows looking into the court-yard, and architecturally arranged with pilasters, a rich cornice and ceiling: the hall is stuccoed, painted in imitation of marble, and has so fine a polish as readily to deceive the eye. In the centre of this apartment is a large door between the pilasters, opening into a drawing-room, and at the opposite end from the door that opens from the vestibule is that which leads to the kitchen offices, and by which dinner is served.

Vis-à-vis to the *salle à manger*, and divided from it by the large vestibule, is a dressing and bed-chamber with an alcove, both rooms being ornamented with columns and pilasters, between which are mirrors of large dimensions inserted in recesses. A corridor and *escalier dérobé* at the back of these two apartments admit the attendance of servants, without their passing through the vestibule.

In the centre of this last, and opposite to the large plate of glass that divides it from the conservatory, large folding doors open into the principal drawing-room, which is lighted by three large and lofty windows, the centre one

exactly facing the folding doors, and, like them, supported by pilasters.

This room is of large dimensions, and finely proportioned; the sides and ends are divided by fluted pilasters with Corinthian capitals richly gilt. At one extremity is a beautifully sculptured chimney-piece of Parian marble, over which is a vast mirror, bounded by pilasters, that separate it from a large panel on each side, in the centre of which are exquisitely designed allegorical groups.

At the opposite end, a mirror, of similar dimensions to that over the chimney-piece, and resting like it on a white marble slab, occupies the centre, on each side of which are panels with painted groups. Doors at each end, and exactly facing, lead into other *salons*; opposite to the two end windows are large mirrors, resting on marble slabs, bounded by narrow panels with painted figures, and between the windows are also mirrors to correspond. The pictorial adornments in this *salon* are executed by the first artists of the day, and with a total disregard of expense, so that it is not to be wondered at that they are beautiful. Military trophies are mingled with the decorations, the whole on a white ground, and richly ornamented with gilding. The Seine, with its boats, and the gay scene of the Thuilleries Gardens, are reflected in

the mirrors opposite to the windows, while the groups on the panels are seen in the others.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this room, in which such fine proportion, architectural decoration, and exquisite finish reign, that the eye dwells on it with delight, and can trace no defect.

The door on the right-hand end, on entering, opens to a less richly ornamented *salon*, inside which are two admirable bed-chambers and dressing-rooms, communicating by an *escalier dérobé* with a suite of servants' apartments.

The door on the left-hand end of the large *salon* opens into a beautiful room, known as the *Salle de la Victoire*, from its being decorated by paintings allegorical of Victory. This apartment is lighted by two large windows, and opposite to them is a deep recess, or alcove.

A cornice extends around the room, about four feet beneath the ceiling, and is supported by white columns projecting into the chamber, on each of which stands a figure of Victory offering a wreath of laurels. This cornice divides the room from the recess before mentioned.

The chimney-piece is in a recess, with columns on each side; and the large mirror over it, and which is finished by the cornice, is faced by a similar one, also in a recess, with white columns, standing on a plinth on each side. The win-

dows are finished by the former cornice, that extends round the rooms, and have similar columns on each side with Victories on them, and a mirror between. The room is white and gold, with delicate arabesques, and medallions exquisitely painted.

This *salon* communicates with a corridor behind it, which admits the attendance of servants without the necessity of their passing through the other apartment. Inside this *salon* is a *chambre à coucher*, that looks as if intended for some youthful queen, so beautiful are its decorations. A recess, the frieze of which rests on two white columns with silvered capitals, is meant to receive a bed.

One side of the room is panelled with mirrors, divided by pilasters with silver capitals; and on the opposite side, on which is the chimney, similar panels occupy the same space. The colour of the apartment is a light blue, with silver mouldings to all the panels, and delicate arabesques of silver. The chimney-piece and dogs for the wood have silver ornaments to correspond.

Inside this chamber is the dressing-room, which is of an octagon shape, and panelled likewise with mirrors, in front of each of which are white marble slabs to correspond with that of the chimney-piece. The mouldings and archi-

tectural decorations are silvered, and arabesques of flowers are introduced.

This room opens into a *salle de bain* of an elliptical form; the bath of white marble is sunk in the pavement, which is tessellated. From the ceiling immediately over the bath hangs an alabaster lamp, held by the beak of a dove; the rest of the ceiling being painted with Cupids throwing flowers. The room is panelled with alternate mirrors and groups of allegorical subjects finely executed; and is lighted by one window composed of a single plate of glass opening into a little spot of garden secluded from the rest. A small library completes the suit I have described, all the apartments of which are on the ground floor. There are several other rooms in a wing in the court-yard; and the whole are in perfect order.

I remembered to-day, when standing in the principal drawing-room, the tragic scene narrated to me by Sir Robert Wilson as having taken place there, when he had an interview with the Princess de la Moskowa, after the condemnation of her brave husband.

He told me, years ago, how the splendour of the decorations of the *salon*—decorations meant to commemorate the military glory of the Maréchal Ney—added to the tragic effect of the scene in which that noble-minded woman, overwhelm-

ed with horror and grief, turned away with a shudder from objects that so forcibly reminded her of the brilliant past, and so fearfully contrasted with the terrible present.

He described to me the silence, broken only by the sobs that heaved her agonized bosom; the figures of the few trusted friends permitted to enter the presence of the distracted wife, moving about with noiseless steps as if fearful of disturbing the sacredness of that grief to offer consolation for which they felt their tongues could form no words, so deeply did their hearts sympathize with it.

He told me that the images of these friends in the vast mirrors looked ghostly in the dim twilight of closed blinds, the very light of day having become insupportable to the broken-hearted wife, so soon to be severed for ever, and by a violent death, from the husband she adored. Ah! if these walls could speak, what agony would they reveal! and if mirrors could retain the shadows replete with despair they once reflected, who dare look on them?

I thought of all this to-day, until the tears came into my eyes, and I almost determined not to hire the house, so powerfully did the recollection of the past affect me: but I remembered that such is the fate of mankind; that there are no houses in which scenes of misery

have not taken place, and in which breaking hearts have not been ready to prompt the exclamation "There is no sorrow like mine."

How is the agony of such moments increased by the recollection that in the same chamber where such bitter grief now reigns, joy and pleasure once dwelt, and that those who shared it can bless us no more! How like a cruel mockery, then, appear the splendour and beauty of all that meets the eye, unchanged as when it was in unison with our feelings, but which now jars so fearfully with them!

I wonder not that the bereaved wife fled from this house, where every object reminded her of a husband so fondly loved, so fearfully lost, to mourn in some more humble abode over the fate of *him* who could no more resist the magical influence of the presence of that glorious chief, who had so often led him to victory, than the war-horse can resist being animated by the sound of that trumpet which has often excited the proud animal into ardour.

Peace be to thy manes, gallant Ney; and if thy spirit be permitted to look down on this earth, it will be soothed by the knowledge that the wife of thy bosom has remained faithful to thy memory; and that thy sons, worthy of their sire—brave, noble, and generous-hearted—are devoted to their country, for which thou hast so often fought and bled!

CHAPTER VI.

Custom of letting out Furniture—The Prince and Princess Castelfidardo—Lady Hawarden—Lady Combermere—Tone of Society at Paris—Attentions paid by Young Men to Old Ladies—Flirtations at Paris—Ceremonious Decorum—Comte Charles de Mornay—Parisian Upholsterers—Rich Furniture—Lord Yarmouth—Elegant Suite of Apartments—Charles Mills—Warm Affections between Relatives in France.

To my surprise and pleasure, I find that a usage exists at Paris which I have nowhere else met with, namely, that of letting out rich and fine furniture by the quarter, half, or whole year, in any quantity required for even the largest establishment, and on the shortest notice.

I feared that we should be compelled to buy furniture, or else to put up with an inferior sort, little imagining that the most costly can be procured on hire, and even a large mansion made ready for the reception of a family in forty-eight hours. This is really like Aladdin's lamp, and is a usage that merits being adopted in all capitals.

We have made an arrangement, that if we decide on remaining in Paris more than a year, and wish to purchase the furniture, the sum

agreed to be paid for the year's hire is to be allowed in the purchase-money, which is to be named when the inventory is made out.

We saw the house for the first time yesterday; engaged it to-day for a year; to-morrow, the upholsterer will commence placing the furniture in it; and to-morrow night we are to sleep in it. This is surely being very expeditious, and saves a world of trouble as well as of waiting.

Spent last evening at Madame Craufurd's. Met there the Prince and Princesse Castelcicala, with their daughter, who is a very handsome woman. The Prince was a long time Ambassador from Naples at the Court of St. James, and he now fills the same station at that of France.

The Princesse is sister to our friend Prince Ischetella at Naples, and, like all her countrywomen, appears sensible and unaffected. She and Mademoiselle Dorotea speak English perfectly well, and profess a great liking to England and its inhabitants. The Dowager Lady Hawarden, the Marquise de Brehan, the Baroness d'Echlingen, Madame d'Ocaris, Lady Barbara Craufurd, and Lady Combermere, composed the rest of the female portion of the party.

Lady Hawarden has been very pretty: what

a melancholy phrase is this same *has been!* The Marquise de Brehan is still a very fine woman; Lady Combermere is very agreeable, and sings with great expression; and the rest of the ladies, always excepting Lady Barbara Craufurd, who is very pretty, were very much like most other ladies of a certain time of life—addicted to silks and blondes, and well aware of their relative prices.

Madame Craufurd is very amusing. With all the *naïveté* of a child, she possesses a quick perception of character and a freshness of feeling rarely found in a person of her advanced age, and her observations are full of originality.

The tone of society at Paris is very agreeable. Literature, the fine arts, and the general occurrences of the day, furnish the topics for conversation, from which ill-natured remarks are exploded. A ceremoniousness of manner, reminding one of *La Vieille Cour*, and probably rendered *à la mode* by the restoration of the Bourbons, prevails; as well as a strict observance of deferential respect from the men towards the women, while these last seem to assume that superiority accorded to them in manner, if not entertained in fact, by the sterner sex.

The attention paid by young men to old women in Parisian society is very edifying, and any breach of it would be esteemed nothing

short of a crime. This attention is not evinced by any flattery, except the most delicate—a profound silence when these belles of other days recount anecdotes of their own times, or comment on the occurrences of ours, or by an alacrity to perform the little services of picking up a fallen *mouchoir de poche*, *bouquet*, or fan, placing a shawl, or handing to a carriage.

If flirtations exist at Paris, they certainly are not exhibited in public; and those between whom they are supposed to be established observe a ceremonious decorum towards each other, well calculated to throw discredit on the supposition. This appearance of reserve may be termed hypocrisy; nevertheless, even the semblance of propriety is advantageous to the interests of society; and the entire freedom from those marked attentions, engrossing conversations, and from that familiarity of manner often permitted in England, without even a thought of evil on the part of the women who permit these indiscretions, leaves to Parisian circles an air of greater dignity and decorum, although I am not disposed to admit that the persons who compose them really possess more dignity or decorum than my compatriots.

Count Charles de Mornay was presented to me to-day. Having heard of him only as—

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,”

I was agreeably surprised to find him one of the most witty, well-informed, and agreeable young men I have ever seen. Gay without levity, well-read without pedantry, and good-looking without vanity. Of how few young men of fashion could this be said! But I am persuaded that Count Charles de Mornay is made to be something better than a mere man of fashion.

Spent all the morning in the Hôtel Ney, superintending the placing of the furniture. There is nothing so like the magicians we read of as Parisian upholsterers; for no sooner have they entered a house, than, as if touched by the hand of the enchanter, it assumes a totally different aspect. I could hardly believe my eyes when I entered our new dwelling, to-day.

Already were the carpets—and such carpets, too—laid down on the *salons*; the curtains were hung; *consoles*, sofas, tables, and chairs placed, and lustres suspended. In short, the rooms looked perfectly habitable.

The principal drawing-room has a carpet of dark crimson with a gold-coloured border, on which is a wreath of flowers that looks as if newly culled from the garden, so rich, varied, and bright are their hues. The curtains are of

crimson satin, with embossed borders of gold-colour; and the sofas, *bergères*, *fauteuils*, and chairs, richly carved and gilt, are covered with satin to correspond with the curtains.

Gilt *consoles*, and *chiffonnières*, with white marble tops, are placed wherever they could be disposed; and, on the chimney pieces, are fine *pendules*.

The next drawing-room, which I have appropriated as my sitting-room, is furnished with blue satin, with rich white flowers. It has a carpet of a chocolate-coloured ground with a blue border, round which is a wreath of bright flowers, and carved and gilt sofas, *bergères* and *fauteuils*, covered with blue satin like the curtains.

The recess we have lined with fluted blue silk, with a large mirror placed in the centre of it, and five beautiful buhl cabinets around, on which I intend to dispose all my treasures of old *sèvre china*, and ruby glass.

I was told by the upholsterer, that he had pledged himself to *milord* that *miladi* was not to see her *chambre à coucher*, or dressing-room, until they were furnished. This I well knew was some scheme laid by Lord B. to surprise me, for he delights in such plans.

He will not tell me what is doing in the rooms, and refuses all my entreaties to enter them, but

shakes his head, and says he *thinks* I will be pleased when I see them; and so I think, too, for the only complaint I ever have to make of his taste is its too great splendour—a proof of which he gave me when I went to Mountjoy Forest on my marriage, and found my private sitting-room hung with crimson Genoa silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion fringe, and all the furniture of equal richness—a richness that was only suited to a state room in a palace.

We feel like children with a new plaything, in our beautiful house; but how, after it, shall we ever be able to reconcile ourselves to the comparatively dingy rooms in St. James's Square, which no furniture or decoration could render anything like the Hôtel Ney?

The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche leave Paris, to my great regret, in a few days, and will be absent six weeks. He is to command the encampment at Luneville, and she is to do the honours—giving dinners, balls, concerts, and soirées, to the ladies who accompany their lords to the “tented field,” and to the numerous visitors who resort to see it. They have invited us to go to them, but we cannot accept their kindness. They are

“On hospitable thoughts intent,”

and will, I doubt not, conciliate the esteem of all with whom they come in contact.

He is so well bred, that the men pardon his superiority both of person and manner; and she is so warm-hearted, and amiable, that the women, with a few exceptions, forgive her rare beauty. How we shall miss them, and the dear children, too!

Drove in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday, with the Duchesse de Guiche: met my old acquaintance, Lord Yarmouth, who is as amusing and original as ever.

He has great natural talent and knowledge of the world, but uses both to little purpose, save to laugh at its slaves. He might be anything he chose, but he is too indolent for exertion and seems to think *le jeu né vaut pas la chandelle*. He is one of the many clever people spoilt by being born to a great fortune and high rank, advantages which exclude the necessity of exercising the talents he possesses.

It is, however, no trifling merit, that born to immense wealth and high station, he should be wholly free from arrogance or ostentation.

At length the secret is out, the doors of my *chambre à coucher* and dressing-room are opened, and I am delighted with both. The whole fitting up is in exquisite taste, and, as usual, when my most gallant of all gallant husbands that it ever fell to the happy lot of woman to possess interferes, no expense has been spared.

The bed, which is silvered, instead of gilt, rests on the backs of two large silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured that every feather is in alto-relievo, and looks nearly as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it is placed is lined with white fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace; and from the columns that support the frieze of the recess, pale blue silk curtains, lined with white, are hung, which, when drawn, conceal the recess altogether.

The window curtain is of pale blue silk, with embroidered muslin curtains, trimmed with lace inside them, and have borders of blue and white lace to match those of the recess.

A silvered sofa has been made to fit the side of the room opposite the fire-place, near to which stands a most inviting *bergère*. An *écritoire* occupies one panel, a book stand the other, and a rich coffer for jewels, forms a pendant to a similar one for lace or India shawls.

A carpet of uncut pile, of a pale blue, a silver lamp, and a Psyche glass, the ornaments silvered to correspond with the decorations of the chamber, complete the furniture. The hangings of the dressing-room are of blue silk, covered with lace, and trimmed with rich frills of the same material, as are also the dressing-stools and

chaîse longue, and the carpet and lamp are similar to those of the bed-room.

A toilette table stands before the window, and small *jardinières* are placed in front of each panel of looking-glass, but so low as not to impede a full view of the person dressing in this beautiful little sanctuary.

The *salle de bain* is draped with white muslin trimmed with lace, and the sofa and *bergère* are covered with the same. The bath is of white marble inserted in the floor, with which its surface is level. On the ceiling over it, is a painting of Flora scattering flowers with one hand, while from the other is suspended an alabaster lamp, in the form of a lotos.

A more tasteful or elegant suite of apartments cannot be imagined; and all this perfection of furniture has been completed in three days! Lord B. has all the merit of the taste, and the upholsterer that of the rapidity and excellence of the execution.

The effect of the whole suite is chastely beautiful; and a queen could desire nothing better for her own private apartments. Few queens most probably ever had such tasteful ones.

Our kind friend, Charles Mills, has arrived from Rome—amiable and agreeable as ever. He dined with us yesterday, and we talked over the pleasant days spent in the Vigna Palatina, his beautiful villa.

Breakfasted to-day in the Rue d'Anjou, a take-leave repast given to the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche by Madame Craufurd. Lady Barbara and Colonel Craufurd were of the party, which was the only *triste* one I have seen in that house. The Duc de Gramont was there, and joined in the regret we all felt at seeing our dear friends drive away.

It was touching to behold Madame Craufurd, kissing again and again her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and the venerable Duc de Gramont, scarcely less moved, embracing his son and daughter-in-law, and exhorting the latter to take care of her health, while the dear little Ida, his granddaughter, not yet two years old, patted his cheeks, and smiled in his face.

It is truly delightful to witness the warm affection that subsists between relatives in France, and the dutiful and respectful attention paid by children to their parents. In no instance have I seen this more strongly exemplified than in the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, whose unceasing tenderess towards the good Duc de Gramont not only makes his happiness, but is gratifying to all who behold it, as is also their conduct to Madame Craufurd.

I wish the encampment was over, and these dear friends back again.

CHAPTER VII.

Domestic Arrangements—Changes in Young People—Pleasant Recollections—Mode of passing the Time—Evening Visits in France—Dinner party—Sensibility a Characteristic of Genius—Letter of Rousseau to Voltaire—Church of Montmorency—Mr. Douglas Kinnaird—Sir Francis Burdett—Colonel Leicester Stanhope—Charms of Italian Women—Lords Darnley and Charlemont—Mr. Young the Tragedian—Lord Lansdowne—Estimate of his Character—Sir Robert Peel—Lady Drummond—"Vivian Grey"—Mr. Standish—Intermarriages between the French and the English.

Took possession of our new house to-day, and are delighted with it. Its repose and quiet are very agreeable, after the noise and bustle of the Rue de Rivoli. Spent several hours in superintending the arrangement of my books, china, *bijouterie*, and flowers, and the rooms look as habitable as if we had lived in them for weeks. How fortunate we are to have found so charming an abode!

A chasm here occurs in my journal, occasioned by the arrival of some dear relatives from England, with whom I was too much occupied to have time to journalize. What changes five years effect in young people! The dear girls I left children are now grown into women, but

are as artless and affectionate as in childhood. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them, yet I soon traced the same dear countenances, and marvelled that though changed from the round, dimpled ones of infancy, to the more delicate oval of maidenly beauty, the expression of gaiety and innocence of their faces is still the same.

A week has passed rapidly by, and now that they have returned to England, their visit appears like a dream. I wish it had been longer, for I have seen only enough of them to wish to see a great deal more.

The good Mrs. W. and her lively, clever, and her pretty daughter, Mrs. R., dined with us yesterday. They are *en route* for England, but give many a sigh to dear Italy. It was pleasant to talk over the happy days passed there, which we did with that tender regret with which the past is always referred to by those who have sensibility, and they possess no ordinary portion of this lovable quality. Les Dames Bellegarde also dined with us, and they and our English friends took a mutual fancy to each other. I like the Bellegardes exceedingly.

Our old friend, Lord Lilford, is at Paris, and is as amiable and kind-hearted as ever. He dined with us yesterday, and we talked over the pleasant days we spent at Florence. Well

educated, and addicted to neither of the prevalent follies of the day, racing nor gaming, he only requires a little ambition to prompt him to exertion, in order to become a useful, as well as an agreeable member of the community, but with a good fortune and rank, he requires an incentive to action.

Met last evening at Madame Craufurd's the Marquis and Marquise Zamperi of Bologna. She is pretty and agreeable, and he is original and amusing. They were very civil, and expressed regret at not having been at Bologna when we were there.

Had a visit from Count Alexander de la Borde to-day. His conversation is lively and entertaining. Full of general information and good sense, he is no niggard in imparting the results of both to those with whom he comes in contact, and talks fluently, if not always faultlessly, in Italian and English.

The Marquis de Mornay and his brother Count Charles de Mornay dined here yesterday. How many associations of the olden time are recalled by this ancient and noble name, Mornay du Plessis!

The Marquis is agreeable, sensible, well informed, and well bred. Though justly proud of his high descent, the consciousness of it is never rendered visible by any symptom of that arro-

gance too often met with in those who have less cause for pride, and can only be traced by a natural dignity and bearing, worthy a descendant of the noble Sully.

Count Charles de Mornay is a very remarkable young man. With a brilliant wit, the sallies of which can "set the table in a roar," it is never used at the expense of others, and, when he chooses to be grave, the quickness and justice of his perception, and the fine tact and good sense which mark his reflections, betray a mind of no common order, and give the promise of future distinction.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the mode in which I pass my time here. I read from nine until twelve; order the household arrangements, and inspect the *menu* at twelve; write letters or journalize from one until four; drive out till six or half-past; return home, dress, dine, pay visits, or receive them at home, and get to bed at one o'clock.

How much preferable is the French system of evening visits, to the English custom of morning ones, which cut up time so abominably! Few who have lived much abroad could submit patiently to have their mornings broken in upon, when evening, which is the most suitable time for relaxation, can be enlivened by the visits that are irksome at other hours.

Paris is now nearly as empty as London is in September; all the *élite* of French fashionable society having taken their departure for their country houses, or for the different baths they frequent. I, who like not crowds, prefer Paris at this season to any other, and shall be rather sorry than glad when it fills again.

Madame Craufurd, Lady Barbara and Colonel Craufurd, the Ducs de Gramont, Dalberg, and Mouchy, dined with us yesterday. We had music in the evening. The Duc Dalberg is agreeable and well bred, and his manner has that suavity, mingled with reserve, said to be peculiar to those who have lived much at courts and filled diplomatic situations.

The Duc was Minister Plenipotentiary from Baden at Paris, when Napoleon was First Consul, and escaped not censure on the occasion of the seizure of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien; of the intention of which it was thought he ought to have apprized his court, and so have prevented an event which has entailed just blame on all concerned in it, as well as on some who were innocent.

There is nothing in the character of the Duc Dalberg to warrant a belief of his being capable of lending himself to aught that was disloyal, for he is an excellent man in all the relations of life, and is esteemed and respected by

as large a circle of friends as most persons who have filled high situations can boast of.

The Duc de Mouchy is a very amiable as well as high bred man; he has been in England, and speaks English with fluency.

Letters from the camp of Luneville, received from our dear friends to-day, give a very animated description of their doings there. The Duc de Mouchy told me yesterday that they were winning golden opinions from all with whom they came in contact there, by their urbanity and hospitality. He said that people were not prepared to find the handsomest and most fashionable woman at Paris, "the observed of all observers," and the brightest ornament of the French court, doing the honours to the wives of the officers of the camp with an amiability that has captivated them all. The good Duc de Gramont was delighted at hearing this account, for never was there a more affectionate father.

Went with a party yesterday to Montmorency. Madame Craufurd, the Comtesse de Gand, the Baronne d'Etlingen, Comte F. de Belmont, and our own circle, formed the party. It was gratifying to witness how much dear Madame Craufurd enjoyed the excursion; she even rode on a donkey through the woods, and the youngest person of the party did not enter

into the amusement with more spirit and gaiety. Montmorency is a charming place, but not so the road to it, which, being paved, is very tiresome.

We visited the hermitage where Rousseau wrote so many of his works, but in which this strange and unhappy man found not that peace so long sought by him in vain, and to which his own wayward temper and suspicious nature offered an insurmountable obstacle.

As I sat in this humble abode, and looked around on the objects once familiar to his eyes, I could not resist the sentiment of pity that filled my breast at the recollection that even in this tranquil asylum, provided by friendship,* and removed from the turmoil of the busy world, so repugnant to his taste, the jealousies, the heart-burnings, and the suspicions that empoisoned his existence followed him, rendering his life not only a source of misery to himself, but of pain to others; for no one ever conferred kindness on him without becoming the object of his suspicion, if not of his aversion.

The life of Rousseau is one of the most humiliating episodes in the whole history of

* The hermitage was lent him by Madame d'Épinay, to whom his subsequent ingratitude forms a dark page in her *Mémoires*.

literary men, and the most calculated to bring genius into disrepute: yet the misery he endured more than avenged the wrongs he inflicted; and, while admiring the productions of a genius, of which even his enemies could not deny him the possession, we are more than ever compelled to avow how unavailing is this glorious gift to confer happiness on its owner, or to secure him respect or esteem, if unaccompanied by goodness.

Who can reflect on the life of this man without a sense of the danger to which Genius exposes its children, and a pity for their sufferings, though too often self-inflicted? Alas! the sensibility which is one of the most invariable characteristics of genius, and by which its most glorious efforts are achieved, if excited into unhealthy action by over-exercise, not unseldom renders its possessor unreasonable and wretched, while his works are benefiting or delighting others, and while the very persons who most highly appreciate them are often the least disposed to pardon the errors of their author.

As the dancer, by the constant practice of her art, soon loses that roundness of *contour* which is one of the most beautiful peculiarities of her sex, the muscles of the legs becoming unnaturally developed at the expense of the

rest of the figure, so does the man of genius, by the undue exercise of this gift, acquire an irritability that soon impairs the temper, and renders his excess of sensibility a torment to himself and to others.

The solitude necessary to the exercise of genius is another fruitful source of evil to its children. Abstracted from the world, they are apt to form a false estimate of themselves and of it, and to entertain exaggerated expectations from it. Their morbid feelings are little able to support the disappointment certain to ensue, and they either rush into a reprisal of imaginary wrongs, by satire on others, or inflict torture on themselves by the belief, often erroneous, of the injuries they have sustained.

I remembered in this abode a passage of one of the best letters ever written by Rousseau, and addressed to Voltaire, on the subject of his poem, entitled *Sur la Loi Naturelle, et sur le Désastre de Lisbonne*; in which referring to an assertion of Voltaire's, that few persons would wish to live over again on the condition of enduring the same trials, and which Rousseau combats by urging that it is only the rich, fatigued by their pleasures, or literary men, of whom he writes—“*Des gens de lettres, de tous les ordres d'hommes le plus sédentaire, le plus mal sain, le plus réfléchissant, et, par consé-*

quent, le plus malheureux," who would decline to live over again, had they the power.

This description of men of letters, written by one of themselves, is a melancholy, but, alas! a true one, and should console the enviers of genius for the want of a gift that but too often entails such misery on its possessors.

The church of Montmorency is a good specimen of Gothic architecture, and greatly embellishes the little town, which is built on the side of a hill, and commands a delicious view of the chestnut forest and valley, clothed with pretty villas, that render it so much and so justly admired.

It was amusing to listen to the diversity of opinions entertained by our party relative to Rousseau, as we wandered through the scenes which he so often frequented; each individual censuring or defending him, according to the bias of his or her disposition. On one point all agreed; which was, that if judged by his actions, little could be said in mitigation of the conduct of him who, while writing sentiments fraught with passion and tenderness, could consign his offspring to a foundling hospital!

Having visited every object worthy of attention at Montmorency, we proceeded to Enghien, to examine the baths established there. The building is of vast extent, containing no less

than forty chambers, comfortably furnished for the accommodation of bathers; and a good *restaurant* furnishes the repasts. The apartments command a beautiful view, and the park of St. Gratien offers a delightful promenade to the visitors of Enghien.

Our route back to Paris was rendered very agreeable by the lively and clever conversation of the Comtesse de Gand. I have rarely met with a more amusing person.

With a most retentive memory, she possesses the tact that does not always accompany this precious gift—that of only repeating what is perfectly *à propos* and interesting, with a fund of anecdotes that might form an inexhaustible capital for a professional diner-out to set up with; an ill-natured one never escapes her lips, and yet—hear it all ye who believe, or act as if ye believe, that malice and wit are inseparable allies!—it would be difficult to find a more entertaining and lively companion.

Our old friend, Col. E. Lygon, came to see us to-day, and is as amiable as ever. He is a specimen of a military man of which England may well be proud.

The Ducs de Talleyrand and Dino, the Marquis de Mornay, the Marquis de Dreux Brezé, and Count Charles de Mornay, dined here yesterday. The Marquis de Brezé is a clever man,

and his conversation is highly interesting. Well informed and sensible, he has directed much of his attention to politics without being, as is too often the case with politicians, wholly engrossed by them. He appears to me to be a man likely to distinguish himself in public life.

There could not be found two individuals more dissimilar, or more formed for furnishing specimens of the noblemen of *la Vieille Cour* and the present time, than the Duc de Talleyrand and the Marquis de Dreux Brezé. The Duc, well dressed and well bred, but offering in his toilette and in his manners irrefragable evidence that both have been studied, and his conversation bearing that high polish and urbanity which, if not always characteristics of talent, conceal the absence of it, represents *l'ancien régime*, when *les grands seigneurs* were more desirous to serve *les belles dames* than their country, and more anxious to be distinguished in the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain than in the *Chambre de Parlement*.

The Marquis de Dreux Brezé, well dressed and well bred, too, appears not to have studied either his toilette or his manners; and, though by no means deficient in polite attention to women, seems to believe that there are higher and more praiseworthy pursuits than that of thinking only how to please them, and bestows more

thought on the *Chambre des Pairs* than on the *salons à la mode*.

One is a passive and ornamental member of society, the other a useful and active politician. I have remarked that the Frenchmen of high birth of the present time all seem disposed to take pains in fitting themselves for the duties of their station. They read much and with profit, travel much more than formerly, and are free from the narrow prejudices against other countries, which, while they prove not a man's attachment to his own, offer one of the most insurmountable of all barriers to that good understanding so necessary to be maintained between nations.

Dined yesterday at St. Cloud with the Baron and Baroness de Ruysch; a very agreeable and intellectual pair, who have made a little paradise around them in the shape of an English pleasure-ground, blooming with rare shrubs and flowers.

Our old friend, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird—"the honourable Dug," as poor Lord Byron used to call him—paid me a visit to-day. I had not seen him for seven years, and these same years have left their traces on his brow. He is in delicate health, and is only come over to Paris for a very few days.

He has lived in the same scenes and in the

same routine that we left him, wholly engrossed by them, while

“I’ve taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger;”

and wonder how people can be content to dwell whole years in so circumscribed, however useful, a circle.

Those who live much in London seem to me to have tasted the lotus which, according to the fable of old, induced forgetfulness of the past, so wholly are they engrossed by the present, and by the vortex in which they find themselves plunged.

Much as I like England, and few love it more dearly, I should not like to pass all the rest of my life in it. *All, all*: it is thus we ever count on futurity, reckoning as if our lives were certain of being prolonged, when we know not that the *all* on which we so boldly calculate may not be terminated in a day, nay, even in an hour. Who is there that can boast an English birth, that would not wish to die at home and rest in an English grave?

Sir Francis Burdett has arrived, and means to stay some time here. He called on us yesterday with Colonel Leicester Stanhope, and is as agreeable and good-natured as ever. He is much *fêted* at Paris, and receives great atten-

tion from the Duc d'Orléans, who has offered him his boxes at the theatres, and shows him all manner of civilities.

Colonel Leicester Stanhope gave me some interesting details of poor Byron's last days in Greece, and seems to have duly appreciated his many fine qualities, in spite of the errors that shrouded but could not eclipse them. The fine temper and good breeding that seem to be characteristic of the Stanhope family, have not degenerated in this branch of it; and his manner, as well as his voice and accent, remind me very forcibly of my dear old friend his father, who is one of the most amiable, as well as agreeable men I ever knew, and who I look forward with pleasure to meeting on my return home.

The Marquise Palavicini from Genoa, her daughter-in-law the Princesse Doria, Sir Francis Burdett, and Colonel Leicester Stanhope, dined with us yesterday. The Marquise Palavicini is a very sensible and agreeable woman, and the Princesse Doria is very pretty and amiable. Like most of her countrywomen, this young and attractive person is wholly free from that affectation which deteriorates from so many of the women of other countries; and the simplicity of her manner, which is as remote from

gaucherie as it is from affectation, invests her with a peculiar charm.

We talked over Genoa, where we have spent so many pleasant days, and the beautiful gardens of the villa Palavicini, the possession of which has always tempted me to envy its owner. I have never passed an hour in the society of Italian women without feeling the peculiar charm of their manner, and wishing that its ease and simplicity were more generally adopted.

The absence of any effort to shine, the gentleness without insipidity, the liveliness without levity, and, above all, the perfect good nature that precludes aught that could be disagreeable to others, form the distinguishing characteristics of the manner of Italian women from the princess to the peasant, and are alike practised by both towards all with whom they converse.

Lord Darnley and Lord Charlemont dined here yesterday. It is pleasant to see old and familiar faces again, even though the traces of Time on their brows recall to mind the marks which the ruthless tyrant must have inflicted on our own. We all declared that we saw no change in each other, but the looks of surprise and disappointment exchanged at meeting contradicted the assertion.

Mr. Charles Young, the tragedian, dined here

to-day. We were very glad to see him again, for he is a very estimable as well as agreeable member of society, and reflects honour on his profession.

Lord Lansdowne came here with Count Flahault this evening. It is now seven years since I last saw him, but time has dealt kindly with him during that period, as it ever does to those who possess equanimity of mind and health of body. Lord Lansdowne has always appeared to me to be peculiarly formed for a statesman.

With a fortune that exempts him from incurring even the suspicion of mercenary motives for holding office and a rank which precludes that of entertaining the ambition of seeking a higher, he is free from the angry passions that more or less influence the generality of other men. To an unprejudiced mind he joins self-respect without arrogance, self-possession without effrontery, solid and general information, considerable power of application to business, a calm and gentlemanly demeanour, and an urbanity of manner which while it conciliates good will never descends to, or encourages, familiarity.

A lover and liberal patron of the fine arts, he is an encourager of literature, and partial to the society of literary men; irreproachable in private

life, and respected in public, what is there wanting to render him faultless?

I, who used to enjoy a good deal of his society in England, am of opinion, that the sole thing wanting is the warmth and cordiality of manner which beget friends and retain partisans, and without which no minister can count on constant supporters.

It is a curious circumstance, that the political party to which Lord Lansdowne is opposed can boast a man among those most likely to hold the reins of government, to whom all that I have said of Lord Lansdowne might, with little modification, be applied. I refer to Sir Robert Peel, whose acquaintance I enjoyed in England; and who is much younger, and perhaps bolder, than Lord Lansdowne.

Happy, in my opinion, is the country which possesses such men; though the friends and admirers of each would probably feel little disposed to admit any comparison to be instituted between them, and would deride, if not assail, any one, for making it.

Sir Francis Burdett dined here yesterday, and we had the Count Alexandre la Borde and Count Charles de Mornay, to meet him. Several people came in the evening. I have lent a pile of books to Sir F. B., who continues to read as much as formerly, and forgets nothing that he

peruses. His information is, consequently, very extensive, and renders his conversation very interesting. His thirst for knowledge is insatiable, and leads him to every scientific resort where it may be gratified.

Spent last evening at Madame Craufurd's. Met there the Princesse Castelcicala and her daughter, Lady Drummond, Mr. T. Steuart, and various others—among them a daughter of the Marquess of Ailesbury, who has married a French nobleman, and resides in Paris.

Lady Drummond talked to me a good deal of Sir William, and evinced much respect for his memory. She is proud, and she may well be so, of having been the wife of such a man; though there was but little sympathy between their tastes and pursuits, and his death can produce so little change in her habits of life, that she can scarcely be said to miss him.

He passed his days and the greater portion of his nights in reading or writing, living in a suite of rooms literally filled with books; the tables, chairs, sofas, and even the floors, being encumbered with them, going out only for a short time in a carriage to get a little air, or occasionally to dine out.

He seldom saw Lady Drummond, except at dinner, surrounded by a large party. She passed, as she still passes her time, in the duties

of an elaborate toilette, paying or receiving visits, giving or going to *fêtes*, and playing with her lap-dog. A strange wife for one of the most intellectual men of his day! And yet this total dissimilarity produced no discord between them; for she was proud of his acquirements, and he was indulgent to her less *spirituelle* tastes.

Lady Drummond does much good at Naples; for while the *beau monde* of that gay capital are entertained in a style of profuse hospitality at her house, the poor find her charity dispensed with a liberal hand in all their exigencies; so that her vast wealth is a source of comfort to others as well as to herself.

I have been reading *Vivian Grey*—a very wild, but very clever book, full of genius in its unpruned luxuriance; the writer revels in all the riches of a brilliant imagination, and expends them prodigally—dazzling, at one moment, by his passionate eloquence, and, at another, by his touching pathos.

A pleasant dinner-party, yesterday. The Duc de Mouchy, the Marquis de Mornay, Count Flahault, the Count Maussion, Mons. de Montrond, and Mr. Standish, were the guests. Count Flahault is so very agreeable and gentlemanly a man, that no one can call in question the taste

of the Baroness Keith in selecting him for her husband.

Mr. Standish has married a French lady, accomplished, clever, and pretty. Intermarriages between French and English are now not unfrequent; and it is pleasant to observe the French politeness and *bon ton* ingrafted on English sincerity and good sense. Of this, Mr. Standish offers a very good example; for, while he has acquired all the Parisian ruse of manner, he has retained all the English good qualities for which he has always been esteemed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles Kemble—His Daughter's Tragedy of "Francis the First"—Recollection of John Kemble—The Opera—*Count Ory*—Madame Grassini—Anecdote of her—Hamlet of Palaiseau—Drama of La Pie Voleuse—Family of the Duc de Guiche—The Vaudeville Theatre—Scribe's *Avant, Pendant, et Apres*—Its Dangerous Tendency—French Ambition—Parisian Shopkeepers—Their Officious Conduct.

CHARLES KEMBLE dined here yesterday, and in the evening read to us his daughter Fanny's Tragedy of *Francis the First*—a very wonderful production for so young a girl. There is considerable vigour in many parts of this work, and several passages in it reminded me of the old dramatists. The character of "Louisa of Savoy" is forcibly drawn—wonderfully so, indeed, when considered as the production of so youthful a person. The constant association with minds deeply imbued with a love of the old writers, must have greatly influenced the taste of Miss Kemble.

Francis the First bears irrefragable evidence that her reading has lain much among the old poets, and that Shakspeare is one of her most favourite ones. "Triboulet," the king's jester,

may be instanced as an example of this; and "Margaret of Valois" furnishes another. "Françoise de Foix" is a more original conception; timid, yet fond, sacrificing her honour to save her brother's life, but rendered wretched by remorse; and not able to endure the presence of her affianced husband, who, believing her pure and sinless as he left her, appeals to her, when "Gonzales" reveals her shame.

This same "Gonzales," urged on by vengeance, and ready to do aught—nay, more than "may become a man,"—to seek its gratification, is a boldly drawn character.

The introduction of the poet "Clement Marot" is no less happy than judicious; and Miss Kemble gives him a very beautiful speech, addressed to his master "Francis the First," in which the charm that reigns about the presence of a pure woman is so eloquently described, as to have reminded me of the exquisite passage in *Comus*, although there is not any plagiarism in Miss Kemble's speech.

A poetess herself, she has rendered justice to the character of Clement Marot, whose honest indignation at being employed to bear a letter from the amorous "Francis" to the sister of "Lautree," she has very gracefully painted.

The "Constable Bourbon" is well drawn, and has some fine speeches assigned to him;

and "Gonzales" gives a spirited description of the difference between encountering death in the battle-field, surrounded by all the spirit-stirring "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and meeting the grisly tyrant on the scaffold, attended by all the ignominious accessories of a traitor's doom.

This Tragedy, when given to the public, will establish Miss Kemble's claims to distinction in the literary world, and add another laurel to those acquired by her family.

There are certain passages in the speeches of "Gonzales," that, in my opinion, require to be revised, lest they should provoke censures from the fastidious critics of the present time, who are prone to detect evil of which the authors, whose works they analyze, are quite unconscious. Innocence sometimes leads young writers to a freedom of expression from which experienced ones would shrink back in alarm; and the perusal of the old dramatists gives a knowledge of passions, and of sins, known only through their medium; but the skilful development of which, subjects a female writer, and more particularly a youthful one, to ungenerous animadversion. It is to be hoped, that the friends of this gifted girl will so prune the luxuriance of her pen, as to leave nothing to detract from a work so creditable to her genius.

Charles Kemble rendered ample justice to his daughter's Tragedy by his mode of reading it; and we counted not the hours devoted to the task. How many reminiscences of the olden time were called up by hearing him!

I remembered those pleasant evenings when he used to read to us in London, hour after hour, until the timepiece warned us to give over. I remembered, too, John Kemble—"the great John Kemble," as Lord Guildford used to call him—twice or thrice reading to us with Sir T. Lawrence; and the tones of Charles Kemble's voice, and the expression of his face, forcibly reminded me of our departed friend.

I have scarcely met with a more high bred man, or a more agreeable companion, than Charles Kemble. Indeed, were I called on to name the professional men I have known most distinguished for good breeding and manners, I should name our four tragedians—the two Kembles, Young, and Macready.

Sir Francis Burdett dined here yesterday *en famille*, and we passed two very pleasant hours. He related to us many amusing and interesting anecdotes connected with his political life.

Went to the Opera in the evening, whither he accompanied us. I like my box very much. It is in the centre of the house, is draped with pale blue silk, and has very comfortable chairs.

The Parisians are, I find, as addicted to staring as the English; for many were the glasses levelled last night at Sir Francis Burdett who, totally unconscious of the attention he excited, was wholly engrossed by the "Count Ory," some of the choruses in which pleased me very much.

A visit to-day from our excellent and valued friend, Sir A. Barnard, who has promised to dine with us to-morrow. Paris is now filling very fast, which I regret, as I dislike crowds and having my time broken in upon.

I become more convinced every day I live, that quiet and repose are the secrets of happiness, for I never feel so near an approach to this blessing as when in the possession of them. General society is a heavy tax on time and patience, and one that I feel every year less inclination to pay, as I witness the bad effect it produces not only on the habits but on the mind.

Oh! the weariness of listening for hours to the repetition of past gaieties, or the anticipation of future ones, to the commonplace remarks or stupid conversation of persons whose whole thoughts are engrossed by the frivolous amusements of Paris, which are all and everything to them!

How delicious is it to shut out all this weariness, and with a book, or a few rationally

minded friends, indulge in an interchange of ideas? But the too frequent indulgence of this sensible mode of existence exposes one to the sarcasms of the frivolous who are avoided.

One is deemed a pedant—a terrible charge at Paris!—or a *bas bleu*, which is still worse, however free the individual may be from any pretensions to merit such charges.

Paid a visit to the justly celebrated Mademoiselle Mars yesterday, at her beautiful hôtel in the Rue de la Tour des Dames. I have entertained a wish ever since I returned from Italy, to become acquainted with this remarkable woman; and Mr. Young was the medium of accomplishing it.

Mademoiselle Mars is even more attractive off the stage than on; for her countenance beams with intelligence, and her manners are at once so animated, yet gentle; so kind, yet dignified; and there is such an inexpressible charm in the tones of her voice, that no one can approach without being delighted with her.

Her conversation is highly interesting, marked by a good sense and good taste that render her knowledge always available, but never obtrusive. Her features are regular and delicate; her figure, though inclined to *embonpoint*, is very graceful; and her smile, like the tones of her

voice, is irresistibly sweet and reveals teeth of rare beauty.

Mademoiselle Mars, off the stage, owes none of her attractions to the artful aid of ornament; wearing her own dark hair, simply arranged, and her clear brown complexion free from any artificial tinge. In her air and manner is the rare and happy mixture of *la grande dame et la femme aimable*, without the slightest shade of affectation.

Mademoiselle Mars' hôtel is the prettiest imaginable. It stands in a court-yard, wholly shut in from the street; and, though not vast, it has all the elegance, if not the splendour, of a fine house. Nothing can evince a purer taste than this dwelling, with its decorations and furniture. It contains all that elegance and comfort can require, without anything meretricious or gaudy, and is a temple worthy of the goddess to whom it is dedicated.

It has been well observed, that a just notion of the character of a person can always be formed by the style of his or her dwelling.

Who can be deceived in the house of a *nouveau riche*? Every piece of furniture in it vouches, not only for the wealth of its owner, but that he has not yet got sufficiently habituated to the possession of it, to be as indifferent

to its attributes as are those to whom custom has rendered splendour no longer a pleasure.

Everything in the house of Mademoiselle Mars bepeaks its mistress to be a woman of highly cultivated mind and refined habits.

The boudoir is in the style of Louis XIV, and owes its tasteful decorations to the pencil of Ciceri. The pictures that ornament it are by Gerard, and are highly creditable to his reputation. The library serves also as a picture-gallery; and in it may be seen beautiful specimens of the talents of the most esteemed French artists, offered by them as a homage to this celebrated woman. Gerard, Delacroix, Isabey, Lany, Grévedon, and other distinguished artists, have contributed to this valuable collection. A fine portrait of Madame Pasta, and another of Talma, with two exquisite pictures of the mother of Mademoiselle Mars, not less remarkable for the rare beauty of the subject than for the merit of the artists, complete it.

One book-case in the library contains only the presentation copies of the pieces in which Mademoiselle Mars has performed, magnificently bound by the authors.

On a white marble *console* in this gallery is placed an interesting memorial of her brilliant theatrical career, presented to her by the most

enthusiastic of its numerous admirers. It consists of a laurel crown, executed in pure gold; on the leaves of which are engraved on one side, the name of each piece in which she appeared, and, on the other, the *rôle* which she acted in it. A very fine statue of Molière is placed in this apartment.

Never did two hours glide more rapidly away than those passed in the society of this fascinating woman, whose presence I left penetrated with the conviction that no one can know without admiring her; and that when she retires from the stage, "we shall not look upon her like again."

Passed a very agreeable evening, at Madame Craufurd's. Met there La Duchesse de la Force, and the usual circle of *habitués*. Talking of theatres, some of *la Vieille Cour*, who happened to be present, remarked on the distinction always made between the female performers of the different ones. Those of the Théâtre Français were styled "*Les Dames de la Comédie Française*;" those of the Théâtre Italien, "*Les Demoiselles du Théâtre Italien*;" and the dancers, "*Les Filles de l'Opéra*." This last mode of naming *les danseuses*, though in later times considered as a reproach, was, originally, meant as an honourable distinction; the king, on establishing the *Académie Royale*

de Musique, having obtained the privilege that the performers attached to it should be exempt from excommunication. Hence they were named "*Les Filles de l'Opéra*," as persons sometimes said "*Les Filles de la Reine*."

A propos of the Opera, Madame Grassini, once no less celebrated for her beauty than for her voice, was of the party last night. She is, and deservedly, a general favourite in Parisian society, in which her vivacity, good nature, and amiability, are duly appreciated. Her lively sallies and *naïve* remarks are very amusing; and the frankness and simplicity she has preserved in a profession and position so calculated to induce the reverse, add to her attractions and give piquancy to her conversation.

There are moments in which Madame Grassini's countenance becomes lighted up with such animation, that it seems to be invested with a considerable portion of the rare beauty for which she was so remarkable.

Her eyes are still glorious, and, like those only of the sunny South, can flash with intelligence, or melt with tenderness. It is when conversing on the grand *rôlles* which she filled as *prima donna*, that her face lights up as I have noticed—as the war-horse, when hearing the sound of the trumpet, remembers the scene of his past glory.

When in Italy, some years since, Madame Grassini's carriage was stopped by brigands, who having compelled her to descend, ransacked it and took possession of her splendid theatrical wardrobe, and her magnificent diamonds.

She witnessed the robbery with calmness, until she saw the brigands seize the portrait of the Emperor Napoleon, presented to her by his own hand, and set round with large brilliants, when she appealed to them with tears streaming down her cheeks to take the settings and all the diamonds, but not to deprive her of the portrait of her "dear, dear Emperor!" When this circumstance was referred to, she told me the story, and her eyes glistened with tears while relating it.

Went to Orsay yesterday, and passed a very agreeable day there. It was a fortified château; and must have been a very fine place before the Revolution caused, not only its pillage, but nearly its total destruction, for only one wing of it now remains.

Built in the reign of Charles VII, it was esteemed one of the best specimens of the feudal *château fort* of that epoch; and the subterranean portion of it still attests its former strength and magnitude.

It is surrounded by a mote, not of stagnant water, but supplied by the river Ivette, which

flows at the base of the hill on which the château stands. The water is clear and brisk; and the château looks as if it stood in a pellucid river. The view from the windows is very extensive, commanding a rich and well-wooded country.

The chapel escaped not the ravages of the sacrilegious band, who committed such havoc on the château; for the beautiful altar, and some very interesting monuments, were barbarously mutilated, and the tomb of the Princesse de Cröy, the mother of General Count d'Orsay, on which a vast sum had been expended, was nearly razed to the ground.

If aught was required to increase my horror of revolutions, and of the baleful consequences to which they lead, the sight of this once splendid château, and, above all, of its half-ruined chapel, in which even the honoured dead were insulted, would have accomplished it.

An heiress of one of the most ancient houses in the *Pays Bas*, the Princesse de Cröy brought a noble dowry to her husband, himself a man of princely fortune. Young and beautiful, her munificence soon rendered her an object of almost adoration to the dependents of her lord; and when, soon after having given birth to a son and heir, the present General Comte d'Orsay, she was called to another world, her remains

were followed to her untimely grave by a long train of weeping poor, whose hearts her bounty had often cheered, and whose descendants were subsequently horror-struck to see the sanctity of her last earthly resting-place invaded.

We passed through the hamlet of Palaiseau, on our return to Paris; and saw in it the steeple where the magpie concealed the silver spoons he had stolen, and which occasioned the event from which the drama of *La Pie Voleuse*, known in so many languages, has had its origin.

The real story ended not so happily as the opera, for the poor girl was executed—the spoons not having been discovered until after her death. This tragedy in humble life has attached great interest to the steeple at Palaiseau, and has drawn many persons to the secluded hamlet in which it stands.

The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche returned from Luneville yesterday; and we spent last evening with them. The good Duke de Gramont was there, and was in great joy at their return. They all dine with us to-morrow; and Madame Craufurd comes to meet them.

Never have I seen such children as the Duc de Guiche's. Uniting to the most remarkable personal beauty an intelligence and docility as rare as they are delightful; and never did I wit-

ness anything like the unceasing care and attention bestowed on their education by their parents.

Those who only know the Duc and Duchesse in the gay circles, in which they are universally esteemed among the brightest ornaments, can form little idea of them in the privacy of their domestic one—emulating each other in their devotion to their children, and giving only the most judicious proofs of their attachment to them. No wonder that the worthy Duc de Gramont doats on his grandchildren, and never seems so happy as with his excellent son and daughter-in-law.

Went to the Vaudeville Théâtre last evening, to see the new piece by Scribe, so much talked of, entitled *Avant, Pendant, et Après*. There is a fearful *vraisemblance* in some of the scenes, with all that one has read or pictured to one's-self, as daily occurring during the terrible days of the Revolution; and the tendency of the production is not, in my opinion, calculated to produce salutary effects. I only wonder it is permitted to be acted.

The piece is divided, as the title announces, into three different epochs. The first represents the frivolity and vices attributed to the days of *l'ancien régime*, and the *tableaux des mœurs*, which is vividly coloured, leaves no favourable

impression in the minds of the audience of that *noblesse* whose sufferings subsequently expiated the errors said to have accelerated, if not to have produced, the Revolution.

Nothing is omitted that could cast odium on them, as a preparation for the Reign of Terror that follows. The anarchy and confusion of the second epoch—the fear and horror that prevail when the voices and motions of a sanguinary mob are heard in the streets, and the terrified inmates of the houses are seen crouching in speechless terror, are displayed with wonderful truth.

The lesson is an awful, and I think a dangerous, one, and so seemed to think many of the upper class among the audience, for I saw some fair cheeks turn pale, and some furrowed brows look ominous, as the scene was enacted, while those of the less elevated in rank among the spectators assumed, or seemed to assume a certain *fierté*, if not ferocity, of aspect, at beholding this vivid representation of the triumph achieved by their order over the *noblesse*.

It is not wise to exhibit to a people, and above all to one so inflammable as the French, what *they* can effect; and I confess I felt uneasy when I witnessed the deep interest and satisfaction evinced by many in the *parterre* during the representation.

The *Après*, the third epoch, is even more calculated to encourage revolutionary principles, for in it was displayed the elevation to the highest grades in the army and in the state of those who in the *ancien régime* would have remained, as the Revolution found them, in the most obscure stations, but who by that event had brilliant opportunities afforded for distinguishing themselves.

Heroic courage, boundless generosity, and devoted patriotism, are liberally bestowed on the actors who figure in this last portion of the drama; and, as these qualities are known to have appertained to many of those who really filled the *rôles* enacted at the period now represented, the scene had, as might be expected, a powerful effect on a people so impressible as the French, and so liable to be hurried into enthusiasm by aught that appeals to their imaginations.

The applause was deafening, and I venture to say, that those from whom it proceeded left the theatre with a conviction that a revolution was a certain means of achieving glory and fortune to those who, with all the self-imagined qualities to merit both, had not been born to either.

Every Frenchman in the middle or lower class believes himself capable of arriving at the high-

est honours. This belief sometimes half accomplishes the destiny it imagines; but even when it fails to effect this, it ever operates in rendering Frenchmen peculiarly liable to rush into any change or measure likely to lead to even a chance of distinction.

As during the performance of *Avant, Pendant, et Après*, my eye glanced on the faces of some of the emigrant *noblesse*, restored to France by the entry of the Bourbons, I marked the changes produced on their countenances by it. Anxiety, mingled with dismay, was visible, for the scenes of the past were vividly recalled, while a vague dread of the future was instilled. Yes, the representation of this piece is a dangerous experiment, and so I fear it will turn out.

I am sometimes amused, but more frequently irritated, by observing the *moeurs Parisiennes*, particularly in the shopkeepers. The airs of self-complacency, amounting almost to impertinence practised by this class, cannot fail to surprise persons accustomed to the civility and assiduity of those in London, who, whether the purchases made in their shops be large or small, evince an equal politeness to the buyers.

In Paris, the tradesman assumes the right of dictating to the taste of his customers; in London, he only administers to it. Enter a Parisian

shop, and ask to be shown velvet, silk, or riband to assort with a pattern you have brought of some particular colour or quality, and the mercer, having glanced at it somewhat contemptuously, places before you six or eight pieces of a different tint and texture.

You tell him that they are not similar to the pattern, and he answers "That may be; nevertheless, his goods are of the newest fashion, and infinitely superior to your model." You say, "You prefer the colour of your pattern, and must match it." He produces half-a-dozen pieces still more unlike what you require; and to your renewed assertion that no colour but the one similar to your pattern will suit you, he assures you that his goods are superior to all others, and that what you require is out of fashion, and a very bad article, and consequently, that you had much better abandon your taste and adopt his. This counsel is given without any attempt at concealing the contempt the giver of it entertains for your opinion, and the perfect satisfaction he indulges for his own.

You once more ask, "If he has got nothing to match the colour you require?" and he shrugs his shoulders and answers, "*Pourtant*, madame, what I have shown you is much superior." "Very possible; but no colour will suit me but this one," holding up the pattern; "for I want

to replace a breadth of a new dress to which an accident has occurred."

"*Pourtant*, madame, my colours are precisely the same, but the quality of the materials is infinitely better!" and with this answer, after having lost half an hour—if not double that time—you are compelled to be satisfied, and leave the shop, its owner looking as if he considered you a person of decidedly bad taste and very troublesome into the bargain.

Similar treatment awaits you in every shop; the owners having, as it appears to me, decided on showing you only what *they* approve, and not what *you* seek. The women of high rank in France seldom, if ever, enter any shop except that of Herbault, who is esteemed the *modiste, par excellence*, of Paris, and it is to this habit, probably, that the want of *bien-séance* so visible in Parisian *boutiquiers*, is to be attributed.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay—French Politeness—Lady Charlotte Lindsay and the Misses Berry—Sir William Gell—Mr. and Mrs. Hare—Female Amiability—Hints on Female Dress—Brilliancy of French Conversation—Mr. J. Strangways—A severe Trial—The Plague-spot—Miraculous Escape—Dinner given by Comte A. de Maussion—Goethe's *Faust*—Character of "Margaret"—The witty Mr. M———Lord Byron—French Quickness of Apprehension—"Sept Heures"—Character of Charlotte Corday—Hasty Conclusions.

AN agreeable party dined here yesterday—Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our Ambassador, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the Duc de Mouchy, Sir Francis Burdett, and Count Charles de Mornay. Lord Stuart de Rothesay is very popular at Paris, as is also our Ambadress; a proof that, in addition to a vast fund of good-nature, no inconsiderable portion of tact is conjoined—to please English and French too, which they certainly do, requires no little degree of the rare talent of *savoir vivre*.

To a profound knowledge of French society and its peculiarities, a knowledge not easily acquired, Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay add the happy art of adopting all that is agreeable

in its usages, without sacrificing any of the stateliness so essential in the representatives of our more grave and reflecting nation.

Among the peculiarities that most strike one in French people, are the good-breeding with which they listen, without even a smile, to the almost incomprehensible attempts at speaking French made by many strangers, and the quickness of apprehension with which they seize their meaning, and assist them in rendering the sense complete.

I have seen innumerable proofs of this politeness—a politeness so little understood, or at least so little practised, among the English, that mistakes perfectly ludicrous, and which could not have failed to set my compatriots in a titter, if not in a roar, have not produced the movement of a single risible muscle, and yet the French are more prone to gaiety than are the English.

Mr. D—— and Mr. T—— dined here yesterday. The former, mild, gentlemanlike, and unostentatious, seems to forget what so many would, if similarly situated, remember with arrogance, namely, that he is immensely rich; an obliviousness that, in my opinion, greatly enhances his other merits.

Mr. T—— is little changed since I last saw him, and is well-informed, clever, and agreeable

—but his own too evident consciousness of possessing these recommendations prevents other people from according him due merit for them.

In society, one who believes himself clever must become a hypocrite, and so conceal all knowledge of his self-complacency, if he wishes to avoid being unpopular; for wo be to him who lets the world see he thinks highly of himself, however his abilities may justify his self-approval.

The sight of Mr. T—— recalled his amiable and excellent mother to my memory. I never esteemed any woman more highly, or enjoyed the society of any other person more than hers. How many pleasant hours have I passed with her! I so well remember John Kemble fancying that if I went through a course of reading Shakspeare with his sister Mrs. T——, I should make, as he said, a fine actress; and we were to get up private theatricals at Mountjoy Forest.

In compliance with the request of Lord Blessington, I studied Shakspeare with this amiable and gifted woman for many months, which cemented a friendship between us that ended but with her life. Her method of reading was admirable; for to the grandeur of her sister Mrs. Siddons, she united a tenderness and softness, in which that great actress was said to be deficient. I never open any of the plays of Shak-

speare which I studied with her without thinking I hear her voice, and I like them better for the association.

To great personal attractions, which even to the last she retained enough of to give a notion of what her beauty must have been in her youth, Mrs. T—— added a charm of manners, a cultivation of mind, and a goodness of heart seldom surpassed; and, in all the relations of life, her conduct was most praiseworthy. Even now, though six years have elapsed since her death, the recollection of it brings tears to my eyes. Good and gentle woman, may your virtues on earth find their reward in Heaven!

I passed last evening at Madame Craufurd's, where I met Lady Charlotte Lindsay and the Misses Berry. How perfectly they answered to the description given of them by Sir William Gell; who, though exceedingly attached to all three, has not, as far as one interview permitted me to judge, overrated their agreeability! Sir William Gell has read me many letters from these ladies, replete with talent, of which their conversation reminded me.

Francis Hare and his wife dined here to-day. They are *en route* from Germany—where they have been sojourning since their marriage—for England, where her *accouchement* is to take place. Francis Hare has lived with us so much

in Italy, that we almost consider him a member of the domestic circle; and, on the faith of this, he expressed his desire that we should receive *madame son épouse* as if she were an old acquaintance.

Mrs. Hare is well-looking, and agreeable, appears amiable, and is a good musician. I remember seeing her and her sisters with her mother, Lady Paul, at Florence, when I had little notion that she was to be Mrs. Hare. I never met Francis Hare without being surprised by the versatility of his information; it extends to the fine arts, literature, rare books, the localities of pictures and statues; in short, he is a moving library that may always be consulted with profit, and his memory is as accurate as an index in rendering its precious stores available.

It is strange, that the prominent taste of his wife, which is for music, is the only one denied to him. He afforded an amusing instance of this fact last night, when Mrs. Hare, having performed several airs on the piano-forte, he asked her, "Why she played the same tune so often, for the monotony was tiresome?"—an observation that set us all laughing.

Took Mrs. Hare out shopping—saw piles of lace, heaps of silk, pyramids of riband, and all other female gear. What a multiplicity of

pretty things we women require to render us what we consider presentable! And how few of us, however good-looking we may chance to be, would agree with the poet, that "loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

Even the fairest of the sex like to enhance the charms of nature by the aid of dress; and the plainest hope to become less so by its assistance. Men are never sufficiently sensible of our humility, in considering it so necessary to increase our attractions in order to please them, nor grateful enough for the pains we bestow in the attempts.

Husbands and fathers are particularly insensible to this amiable desire on the parts of their wives and daughters; and, when asked to pay the heavy bills incurred in consequence of this praiseworthy humility, and desire to please, evince any feeling rather than that of satisfaction.

It is only admirers not called on to pay these said bills who duly appreciate the cause and effect, and who can hear of women passing whole hours in tempting shops, without that elongation of countenance peculiar to husbands and fathers.

I could not help thinking with the philosopher, how many things I saw to-day that could

be done without. If women could be made to understand that costliness of attire seldom adds to beauty, and often deteriorates it, a great amelioration in expense could be accomplished.

Transparent muslin, the cheapest of all materials, is one of the prettiest, too, for summer's wear, and with the addition of some bows of delicate coloured riband, or a *bouquet* of fresh flowers, forms a most becoming dress. The lowness of the price of such a robe enables the purchaser to have so frequent a change of it, that even those who are far from rich may have half-a-dozen, while one single robe of a more expensive material will cost more; and having done so, the owner will think it right to wear it more frequently than is consistent with the freshness and purity that should ever be the distinguishing characteristics in female dress, in order to indemnify herself for the expense.

I was never more struck with this fact, than a short time ago, when I saw two ladies seated next each other, both young and handsome; but one, owing to the freshness of her robe, which was of simple *organdie*, looked infinitely better than the other, who was quite as pretty, but who, wearing a robe of expensive lace, whose whiteness had fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf," appeared faded and *passée*.

Be wise, then, ye young, and fair; and if, as

I suspect, your object be to please the Lords of the Creation, let your dress, in summer, be snowy-white muslin, never worn after its pristine purity becomes problematical; and in winter, let some half-dozen plain and simple silk gowns be purchased, instead of the two or three expensive ones that generally form the wardrobe, and which, consequently, soon not only lose their lustre, but give the wearer the appearance of having suffered the same fate!

And you, O husbands and fathers, present and future, be ye duly impressed with a sense of your manifold obligations to me for thus opening the eyes of your wives and daughters how to please without draining your purses; and when the maledictions of lace, velvet, and satin-sellers fall on my hapless head, for counsel so injurious to their interests, remember they were incurred for yours!

Mr. and Mrs. Hare dined here yesterday. They brought with them Madame de la H——, who came up from near Chantilly to see them. She is as pretty as I remember her at Florence, when Mademoiselle D——and is *piquante* and *spirituelle*. Counts Charles de Mornay and Valeski formed the party, and Count Maussion and some others came in the evening.

I observe that few English shine in conversation with the French. There is a lightness

and brilliancy, a sort of touch and go, if I may say so, in the latter, seldom, if ever, to be acquired by strangers. Never dwelling long on any subject, and rarely entering profoundly into it, they sparkle on the surface with great dexterity, bringing wit, gaiety, and tact, into play.

Like summer lightning, French wit flashes frequently, brightly and innocuously, leaving nothing disagreeable to remind one of its having appeared. Conversation is, with the French, the aim and object of society. All enter it prepared to take a part, and he best enacts it who displays just knowledge enough to show that much remains behind. Such is the tact of the Parisians, that even the ignorant conceal the poverty of their minds, and might, to casual observers, pass as being in no way deficient, owing to the address with which they glide in an *à propos oui, ou non*, and an appropriate shake of the head, nod of assent, or dissent.

The constitutional vivacity of the French depending much on their mercurial temperaments, greatly aids them in conversation. A light and playful sally acquires additional merit when uttered with gaiety; and should a *bon mot* even contain something calculated to pique any one present, or reflect on the absent, the mode in which it is uttered takes off from the force of the matter; whereas, on the contrary,

the more grave and sententious manner peculiar to the English adds pungency to their satire.

Our old and valued friend, Mr. J. Strangeways, has arrived at Paris, and very glad were we to see him once more. He passed through a severe trial since last we parted; and his conduct under it towards his poor friend, Mr. Anson, does him credit.

The two companions—one the brother of the Earl of Ilchester, and the other of Lord Anson, were travelling in Syria together. They had passed through Aleppo, where the plague had then appeared, and were at the distance of several days' journey from it, congratulating themselves on their safety, when owing to some error on the part of those who examined their firman, they were compelled to retrace their steps to Aleppo, where, condemned to become the inhabitants of a lazaretto until the imagined mistake could be corrected, they found themselves *tête-à-tête*.

The first two or three days passed without anything to alarm the friends. Engaged in drawing maps for their intended route, and plans for the future, the hours glided away even cheerfully.

But this cheerfulness was not long to continue; for Mr. Anson, having one morning asked

Mr. Strangways to hold the end of his shawl while he twisted it round his head as a turban, the latter observed, with a degree of horror and dismay more easily to be imagined than described, the fatal plague-spot clearly defined on the back of the neck of his unfortunate friend.

He concealed his emotion, well knowing that a suspicion of its cause would add to the danger of Mr. Anson, who, as yet, was unconscious of the fearful malady that had already assailed him. Totally alone, without aid, save that contained in their own very limited resources, what must have been the feelings of Mr. Strangways, as he contemplated his luckless companion?

He dreaded to hear the announcement of physical suffering, though he well knew it must soon come, and marked with indescribable anguish the change that rapidly began to be manifested in his friend. But even this most terrible of all maladies was influenced by the gallant spirit of him on whom it was now praying; for not a complaint, not a murmur, broke from his lips: and it was not until Mr. Strangways had repeatedly urged the most affectionate inquiries that he admitted he was not quite well.

Delirium quickly followed; but even then this noble-minded young man bore up against the

fearful assaults of disease, and thought and spoke only of those dear and absent friends he was doomed never again to behold. It was a dreadful trial to Mr. Strangways to sit by the bed of death, far, far away from home and friends, endeavouring to cool the burning brow and to refresh the parched lips of him so fondly loved in that distant land of which he raved.

He spoke of his home, of those who made it so dear to him, and even the songs of infancy were again murmured by the dying lips. His friend quitted him not for a minute until all was over; and *he* was left indeed alone to watch over the corpse of him whom he had tried in vain to save.

That Mr. Strangways should have escaped the contagion, seems little less than miraculous. I, who have known him so long and so well, attribute it to the state of his mind, which was so wholly occupied by anxiety for his friend as to leave no room for any thought of self.

Made no entry in my journal for two days, owing to a slight indisposition, which furnished an excuse for laziness.

Dined at Lointier's yesterday—a splendid repast given by Count A. De Maussion, in consequence of a wager, lost on a subject connected with the fine arts. The party consisted of all those present at our house when the

wager was made. The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hare, the Duc de Talleyrand, Duc de Dino, Count Valeski, Mr. J. Strangways, and our own large family circle.

The dinner was the most *recherché* that could be furnished: "all the delicacies of the season," as a London paper would term it, were provided; and an epicure, however fastidious, would have been satisfied with the choice and variety of the *plats*; while a *gourmand* would have luxuriated in the quantity.

Nothing in the style of the apartments, or the service of the dinner, bore the least indication that we were in the house of a *restaurant*.

A large and richly furnished *salon*, well lighted, received the company before dinner; and in a *salle à manger* of equal dimensions, and equally well arranged, the dinner was served on a very fine service of old plate.

Count de Maussion did the honours of the dinner *à merveille*, and it passed off very gaily. It had been previously agreed that the whole party were to adjourn to the Porte St. Martin, at which Count de Maussion had engaged three large private boxes; and the ladies, consequently, with one exception, came *en demie toilette*.

The exception was Mrs. Hare, who, not

aware that at Paris people never go *en grande toilette* to the theatres, came so smartly dressed, that, seeing our simple toilettes, she was afraid of incurring observation if she presented herself in a rich dress with short sleeves, a gold tissue turban with a bird-of-paradise plume, and an *aigrette* of coloured stones: so she went to our house, with a few of the party, while I accompanied the rest to the theatre.

The piece was *Faust*, adapted from Goethe, and was admirably performed, more especially the parts of "Mephistopheles" and "Margaret," in which Madame Dorval acts inimitably. This actress has great merit; and the earnestness of her manner, and the touching tones of her voice, give a great air of truth to her performances. The prison-scene was powerfully acted; and the madness of "Margaret" when stretched on her bed of straw, resisting the vain efforts of her lover to rescue her, had a fearful reality.

The character of "Margaret" is a fine conception, and Goethe has wrought it out beautifully. The simplicity, gentleness, and warm feelings of the village maiden, excite a strong interest for her, even when worked upon by Vanity; that alloy which, alas for woman's virtue and happiness! is too frequently found mixed up in the pure ore of her nature.

The childish delight with which poor "Margaret" contemplates the trinkets presented by her lover; the baleful ascendancy acquired over her by her female companion; and her rapid descent in the path of evil when, as is ever the case, the commission of one sin entails so many, render this drama a very effective moral lesson.

Of all Goethe's works, *Faust* is the one I most like; and, of all his female characters, "Margaret" is that which I prefer. A fine vein of philosophy runs through the whole of this production, in which the vanity of human knowledge without goodness was never more powerfully exemplified.

"Faust," tempted by the desire of acquiring forbidden knowledge, yields up his soul to the evil one; yet still retains enough of the humanity of his nature to render him wretched, when he loves, and has drawn ruin on, suffers the penalty of his crime and her love.

Exquisitely has Goethe wrought out the effects of the all-engrossing passion of the poor "Margaret"—a passion that, even in madness, still clings to its object with all woman's tenderness and devotion, investing even insanity with the touching charm of love. How perfect is the part when, endeavouring to pray, the hapless "Margaret" fancies that she hears the gib-

bering of evil spirits interrupting her supplications, so that even the consolation of addressing the Divinity is denied her!

But the last scene—that in the prison—is the most powerful of all. Never was madness more touchingly delineated, or woman's nature more truly developed;—that nature so little understood by those who are so prone to pervert it, and whose triumphs over its virtues are always achieved by means of the excess of that propensity to love, and to believe in the truth of the object beloved, which is one of the most beautiful characteristics in woman; though, woe to her! it is but too often used to her undoing.

The feelings of poor “Margaret” are those of all her sex, ere vice has sullied the nature it never can wholly subdue.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare left Paris to-day. I regret their departure; for she is lively and agreeable, and I have known him so long, and like him so well, that their society afforded me pleasure.

A large party at dinner, yesterday; among whom, was Mr. M——, who has acquired a certain celebrity for his *bon mots*. He is said to be decidedly clever, and to know the world thoroughly; appreciating it at its just value, and using it as if formed for his peculiar profit and pleasure. He is lately returned from Eng-

land, where he has been received with that hospitality that characterizes the English, and has gone a round of visits to many of the best houses.

He spoke in high terms of the hospitality he had experienced, but agreed in the opinion I have often heard Lord Byron give, that the society in English country-houses is anything but agreeable.

I had heard so much of Mr. M——, that I listened to his conversation with more interest than I might have done, had not so many reports of his shrewdness and wit reached me. Neither seem to have been overrated; for nothing escapes his quick perception; and his caustic wit is unsparingly and fearlessly applied to all subjects and persons that excite it into action.

He appears to be a privileged person—an anomaly seldom innocuously permitted in society: for those who may say *all they* please, rarely abstain from saying much that may displease others; and, though a laugh may be often excited by their wit, some one of the circle is sure to be wounded by it.

Great wit is not often allied to good-nature, for the indulgence of the first is destructive to the existence of the second, except where the wit is tempered by a more than ordinary share of sensibility and refinement, directing its exercise to-

wards works of imagination, instead of playing it off, as is too frequently the case, against those with whom its owner may come in contact.

Byron, had he not been a poet, would have become a wit in society; and, instead of delighting his readers, would have wounded his associates. Luckily for others, as well as for his own fame, he devoted to literature that ready and brilliant wit which sparkles in so many of his pages, instead of condescending to expend it in *bon mots*, or *repartees*, that might have set the table on a roar, and have been afterwards, as often occurs, mutilated in being repeated by others.

The quickness of apprehension peculiar to the French, joined to the excessive *amour propre*, which is one of the most striking of their characteristics, render them exceedingly susceptible to the arrows of wit; which, when barbed by ridicule, inflict wounds on their vanity difficult to be healed, and which they are ever ready to avenge.

But this very acuteness of apprehension induces a caution in not resenting the assaults of wit, unless the wounded can retort with success by a similar weapon, or that the attack has been so obvious that he is justified in resenting it by a less poetical one. Hence arises a difficult position for him on whom a wit is pleased to

exercise his talent; and this is one of the many reasons why privileged persons seldom add much to the harmony of society.

Went last night to the Porte St. Martin, and saw *Sept Heures* represented. This piece has excited a considerable sensation at Paris; and the part of the heroine, "Charlotte Corday," being enacted by Madame Dorval, a very clever actress, it is very popular.

"Charlotte Corday" is represented in the piece, not as a heroine actuated purely by patriotic motives in seeking the destruction of a tyrant who inflicted such wounds on her country, but by the less sublime one of avenging the death of her lover. This, in my opinion, lessens the interest of the drama, and atones not for the horror always inspired by a woman's arming herself for a scene of blood.

The taste of the Parisians has, I think, greatly degenerated, both in their light literature and their dramas. The desire for excitement, and not a decrease of talent, is the cause; and this morbid craving for it will, I fear, lead to injurious consequences, not only in literature, but in other and graver things.

The schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad in France, and has in all parts of it found apt scholars—perhaps, too apt; and, like all such, the digestion of what is acquired does not equal the appetite

for acquisition: consequently, the knowledge gained is as yet somewhat crude and unavailable. Nevertheless, the people are making rapid strides in improvement; and ignorance will soon be more rare than knowledge formerly was.

At present, their minds are somewhat unsettled by the recentness of their progress; and in the exuberance consequent on such a state, some danger is to be apprehended.

Like a room from which light has been long excluded, and in which a large window is opened, all the disagreeable objects in it so long shrouded in darkness are so fully revealed, that the owner, becoming impatient to remove them and substitute others in their place, often does so at the expense of appropriateness, and crowds the chamber with a heterogeneous *mélange* of furniture, which, however useful in separate parts, are too incongruous to produce a good effect. So the minds of the French people are now too enlightened any longer to suffer the prejudices that formerly filled them to remain, and have, in their impatience, stored them with new ideas and opinions—many of them good and useful, but too hastily adopted, and not in harmony with each other, to be productive of a good result, until time has enabled their owners to class and arrange them.

I am every day more forcibly struck with the

natural quickness and intelligence of the people here: but this very quickness is a cause that may tend to retard their progress in knowledge, by inducing them to jump at conclusions, instead of marching slowly but steadily to them; and conclusions so rapidly made are apt to be as hastily acted upon, and, consequently, occasion errors that take some time to be discovered, and still more to be corrected, before the truth is attained.

CHAPTER X.

The celebrated Dr. P———Society of Medical Men—Dr. Guthrie—Requisites for a Surgeon—Celebrity and Merit—The Doctor *a-la-mode*—Mr. P. C. Scarlett—Lord Erskine—Madame Malibran's "Desdemona"—Defect in her Singing—The Family of Napoleon—Particulars of the Duchesse d'Abrantes—A Loving Couple—Holiness of Marriage—Story of the Old Bachelor and his Crafty Housekeeper.

MADE the acquaintance of the celebrated Dr. P——, to-day, at Madame C——'s. He is a very interesting old man; and, though infirm in body, his mind is as fresh, and his vivacity as unimpaired as if he had not numbered forty instead of eighty summers.

I am partial to the society of clever medical men, for the opportunities afforded them of becoming acquainted with human nature, by studying it under all the phases of illness, convalescence, and on the bed of death, when the real character is exposed unveiled from the motives that so often shadow, if not give it a false character, in the days of health, render their conversation very interesting.

I have observed, too, that the knowledge of human nature thus attained neither hardens the heart nor blunts the sensibility, for some of the

most kind-natured men I ever knew were also the most skilful physicians and admirable surgeons. Among these is Mr. Guthrie, of London, whose rare dexterity in his art I have often thought may be in a great degree attributed to this very kindness of nature, which has induced him to bestow a more than usual attention to acquiring it, in order to abridge the sufferings of his patients.

In operations on the eye, in which he has gained such a justly merited celebrity, I have been told by those from whose eyes he had removed cataracts, that his precision and celerity are so extraordinary as to appear to them little short of miraculous.

Talking on this subject with Dr. P—— to-day, he observed that he considered strength of mind and kindness of heart indispensable requisites to form a surgeon; and that it was a mistake to suppose that these qualities had any other than a salutary influence over the nerves of a surgeon.

“It braces them, *Madame*,” said he; “for pity towards the patient induces an operator to perform his difficult task *con amore*, in order to relieve him.”

Dr. P—— has nearly lost his voice, and speaks in a low but distinct whisper. Tall and thin, with a face pale as marble, but full of in-

telligence, he looks, when bending on his gold-headed cane, the very *beau idéal* of a physician of *la Vieille Cour*, and he still retains the costume of that epoch. His manner, half jest and half earnest, gives an idea of what that of the Philosopher of Ferney must have been when in a good humour, and adds piquancy to his narrations. *Madame C*——, who is an especial favourite of his, and who can draw him out in conversation better than any one else, in paying him a delicate and well-timed compliment on his celebrity, added, that few had ever so well merited it.

“Ah! *Madame*, celebrity is not always accorded to real merit,” said he smiling. “I have before told *Madame*, that mine—if I may be permitted to recur to it—was gained by an artifice I had recourse to, and without which, I firmly believe, I should have remained unknown.”

“No, no! my dear doctor,” replied *Madame C*——; “your merit must have, in time, acquired you the great fame you enjoy.” The Doctor laughed heartily, but persisted in denying this; and the lady urged him to relate to me the plan he had so successfully pursued in abridging his road to Fortune. He seemed flattered by her request, and by my desire for his compliance with it, and commenced as follows:—

“I came from the country, Mesdames, with

no inconsiderable claims to distinction in my profession. I had studied it *con amore*, and, urged by the desire that continually haunted me of becoming a benefactor to mankind—ay! ladies; and still more anxious to relieve your fair and gentle sex from those ills to which the delicacy of your frames and the sensibility of your minds so peculiarly expose you—I came to Paris with little money and few friends, and those few possessed no power to forward my interests.

“It is true they recommended me to such of their acquaintance as needed advice, but whether owing to the season being a peculiarly healthy one, or that the acquaintances of my friends enjoyed an unusual portion of good health, I was seldom called on to attend them; and when I was, the remuneration offered was proportioned, not to the relief afforded, but to the want of fame of him who lent it.

“My purse diminished even more rapidly than my hopes, though they, too, began to fade; and it was with a heavy heart that I took my pen to write home to those dear friends who believed that Paris was a second *El Dorado*, where all who sought—must find—Fortune.

“At length, when one night stretched on my humble bed, and sleepless from the cares that pressed heavily on my mind, it occurred to me

that I must put some plan into action for getting myself known; and one suggested itself, which I next day adopted.

“I changed one of the few remaining *louis d’or* in my purse, and, sallying forth into one of the most popular streets, I wrote down the addresses of some of the most respectable-looking houses, and going up to a porter, desired him to knock at the doors named, and inquire if the celebrated Doctor P—— was there, as his presence was immediately required at the hôtel of the Duc de——.

“I despatched no less than twenty messengers through the different streets on the same errand, and having succeeded in persuading each that it was of the utmost importance that the celebrated Doctor P—— should be found, they persuaded the owners of the houses of the same necessity.

“I persevered in this system for a few days, and then tried its efficacy at night, thinking that, when knocked up from their beds, people would be sure to be more impressed with the importance of a doctor in such general request.

“My scheme succeeded. In a few days, I was repeatedly called in by various patients, and liberal fees poured into the purse of the celebrated Dr. P——. Unfortunately my practice, although every day multiplying even beyond

my most sanguine hopes, was entirely confined to the *bourgeoisie*; and though they paid well, my ambition pointed to higher game, and I longed to feel the pulses of *la haute noblesse*, and to ascertain if the fine porcelain of which I had heard they were formed was indeed as much superior to the delf of which the *bourgeoisie* are said to be manufactured, as I was led to believe.

“ Luckily for me, the *femme de chambre* of a grand lady fancied herself ill, mentioned the fancy to her friend, who was one of my patients, and who instantly advised her to consult the celebrated Dr. P——, adding a lively account of the extent of my practice and the great request I was in.

“ The *femme de chambre* consulted me, described symptoms enough to baffle all the schools of medicine in France, so various and contradictory were they; and I, discovering that she really had nothing the matter with her, advised what I knew would be very palatable to her—namely, a very nutritious *régime*, as much air and amusement as was possible in her position, and gave her a prescription for some gentle medicine, to prevent any evil effect from the luxurious fare I had recommended.

“ I was half tempted to refuse the fee she slipped into my hand, but I recollected that peo-

ple never value what they get for nothing, and so I pocketed it.

“In a few days, I was sent for to the Hôtel — to attend the Duchesse de —, the mistress of the said *femme de chambre*. This was an event beyond my hopes, and I determined to profit by it. I found the Duchesse suffering under a malady—if malady it could be called—to which I have since discovered grand ladies are peculiarly subject; namely, a superfluity of *embonpoint*, occasioned by luxurious habits and the want of exercise.

“‘I am very much indisposed, Doctor,’ lisped the lady, ‘and your prescription has done my *femme de chambre* so much good, that I determined to send for you. I am so very ill, that I am fast losing my shape; my face, too, is no longer the same; and my feet and hands are not to be recognised.’

“I drew out my watch, felt her pulse, looked grave, inquired—though it was useless, her *embonpoint* having revealed it—what were her general habits and *régime*; and then, having written a prescription, urged the necessity of her abandoning *café au lait*, rich *consommés*, and high-seasoned *entrées*; recommended early rising and constant exercise; and promised that a strict attention to my advice would soon restore her health, and with it her shape.

“I was told to call every day until further orders; and I, pleading the excess of occupation which would render my daily visits to her so difficult, consented to make them, only on condition that my fair patient was to walk with me every day six times around the garden of her hotel; for I guessed she was too indolent to persevere in taking exercise if left to herself.

“The system I pursued with her succeeded perfectly. I was then a very active man, and I walked so fast that I left the Duchesse every day when our promenade ended bathed in a copious perspiration; which, aided by the medicine and sparing *régime*, soon restored her figure to its former symmetry.

“At her hôtel, I daily met ladies of the highest rank and distinction, many of whom were suffering from a similar cause, the same annoyance for which the Duchesse consulted me; and I then discovered that there is no *malady*, however grave, so distressing to your sex, ladies, or for the cure of which they are so willing to submit to the most disagreeable *régime*, as for aught that impairs their personal beauty.

“When her female friends saw the improvement effected in the appearance of the Duchesse by my treatment, I was consulted by them all, and my fame and fortune rapidly increased. I

was proclaimed to be the most wonderful physician, and to have effected the most extraordinary cures; when, in truth, I but consulted Nature, and aided her efforts.

“Shortly after this period, a grand lady, an acquaintance of one of my many patients among the *noblesse*, consulted me; and here the case was wholly different to that of the Duchesse, for this lady had grown so thin, that wrinkles—those most frightful of all symptoms of decaying beauty—had made their appearance. My new patient told me that, hearing that hitherto my great celebrity had been acquired by the cure of obesity, she feared it was useless to consult me for a disease of so opposite a nature, but even still more distressing.

“I inquired into her habits and *régime*. Found that she took violent exercise; was abstemious at table; drank strong green tea, and coffee without cream or milk; disliked nutritious food; and, though she sat up late, was an early riser.

“I ordered her the frequent use of warm baths, and to take all that I had prohibited the Duchesse; permitted only gentle exercise in a carriage; and, in short, soon succeeded in rendering the thin lady plump and rosy, to the great joy of herself, and the wonder of her friends.

“This treatment, which was only what any one possessed of common sense would have prescribed in such a case, extended my fame far and wide. Fat and thin ladies flocked to me for advice, and not only liberally rewarded the success of my system, but sounded my praises in all quarters.

“I became the doctor *à la mode*, soon amassed an independence, and, though not without a confidence in my own skill—for I have never lost any opportunity of improvement in my profession—I must confess that I still retain the conviction that the celebrated Doctor P—— would have had little chance, at least for many years, of acquiring either fame or wealth, had he not employed the means I have confessed to you, ladies.”

I cannot do justice to this *spirituel* old man’s mode of telling the story, or describe the finesse of his arch smile while recounting it.

Mr. P. C. Scarlett, a son of our excellent and valued friend Sir James Scarlett,* dined here yesterday. He is a fine young man, clever, well informed, and amiable, with the same benignant countenance and urbanity of manner that are so remarkable in his father.

I remember how much struck I was with

* The present Lord Abinger.

Sir James Scarlett's countenance when he was first presented to me. It has in it such a happy mixture of sparkling intelligence and good nature that I was immediately pleased with him, even before I had an opportunity of knowing the rare and excellent qualities for which he is distinguished, and the treasures of knowledge with which his mind is stored.

I have seldom met any man so well versed in literature as Sir James Scarlett, or with a more refined taste for it; and when one reflects on the arduous duties of his profession—duties which he has ever fulfilled with such credit to himself and advantage to others—it seems little short of miraculous how he could have found time to have made himself so intimately acquainted, not only with the classics, but with all the elegant literature of England and France.

How many pleasant days have I passed in the society of Lord Erskine and Sir James Scarlett! Poor Lord Erskine! never more shall I hear your eloquent tongue utter *bon mots* in which wit sparkled, but ill nature never appeared; nor see your luminous eyes flashing with joyousness, as when, surrounded by friends at the festive board, you rendered the banquet indeed “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Mr. H——— B——— dined here yesterday,

and he talked over the pleasant days we had passed in Italy. He is an excellent specimen of the young men of the present day. Well informed, and with a mind highly cultivated, he has travelled much in other countries, without losing any of the good qualities and habits peculiar to his own.

Went to the Théâtre Italien, last night, and heard Madame Malibran sing for the first time. Her personation of "Desdemona" is exquisite, and the thrilling tones of her voice were in perfect harmony with the deep sensibility she evinced in every look and movement.

I have heard no singer to please me comparable to Malibran: there is something positively electrical in the effect she produces on my feelings. Her acting is as original as it is effective; Passion and Nature are her guides, and she abandons herself to them *con amore*.

The only defect I can discover in her singing is an excess of *florituri*, that sometimes destroys the *vraisemblance* of the rôle she is enacting, and makes one think more of the wonderful singer than of "Desdemona." This defect, however, is atoned for by the bursts of passion into which her powerful voice breaks when some deep emotion is to be expressed, and the accom-

plished singer is forgotten in the impassioned “Desdemona.”

Spent last evening at Madame C——’s, and met there la Duchesse de la Force, la Marquise de Bréhan, and the usual *habitués de la maison*. La Duchesse is one of *l’ancien régime*, though less ceremonious than they are in general said to be, and appears to be as good-natured as she is good-humoured.

The Marquise de B—— told me some amusing anecdotes of the Imperial Court, and of the gaiety and love of dress of the beautiful Princesse Pauline Borghese, to whom she was much attached.

The whole of the Buonaparte family seem to have possessed in an eminent degree, the happy art of conciliating good-will in those around them—an art necessary in all persons filling elevated positions, but doubly so in those who have achieved their own elevation. The family of the Emperor Napoleon were remarkable for the kindness and consideration they invariably evinced for those who in any way depended on them, yet a natural dignity of manner precluded the possibility of familiarity.

The Marquise de B—— having mentioned the Duchesse d’Abrantes, Madame C—— inquired kindly for her, and the Marquise told her

that she had been only a few days before to pay her a visit.

Anxious to learn something of a woman who filled so distinguished a position during the imperial dynasty, I questioned Madame de B——, and learned that the Duchesse d'Abrantes, who for many years lived in a style of splendour that, even in the palmy days of her husband's prosperity, when governor of Paris, he supported almost a regal establishment, excited the surprise, if not envy of his contemporaries, is now reduced to so limited an income that many of the comforts, if not the necessities of life, are denied her.

"She supports her privations cheerfully," added the Marquise; "her conversation abounds in anecdotes of remarkable people, and she relates them with a vivacity and piquancy peculiar to her, which render her society very amusing and interesting. The humanity, if not the policy of the Bourbons may be questioned in their leaving the widow of a brave general in a state of poverty that must remind her, with bitterness, of the altered fortunes entailed on her and many others by their restoration."

When indemnities were granted to those whom the Revolution, which drove the royal family from France, nearly beggared, it would have been well if a modest competency had

been assigned to those whose sons and husbands shed their blood for their country, and helped to achieve for it that military glory which none can deny it.

Went over the Luxembourg Palace and Gardens to-day. The only change in the former, since I last saw it, is that some pictures, painted by French artists at Rome, and very creditable to them, have been added to its collection.

I like these old gardens, with their formal walks and prim *parterres*; I like also the company by which they are chiefly frequented, consisting of old people and young children.

Along the walk, exposed to the southern aspect, several groups of old men were sauntering, conversing with an animation seldom seen in sexagenarians, except in France; old women, too, many of them holding lapdogs by a riband, and attended by a female servant, were taking their daily walk; while, occasionally might be seen an elderly couple exhibiting towards each other an assiduity pleasant to behold, displayed by the husband's arranging the shawl or cloak of his wife, or the wife gently brushing away with her glove the silken threads left on his sleeve by its contact with hers.

No little portion of the love that united them in youth may still be witnessed in these old couples. Each has lost every trace of the comeliness

that first attracted them to each other; but they remember what they were, and memory, gilding the past, shows each to the other, not as they actually are, but as they were many a long year ago. No face, however fair,—not even the blooming one of their favourite granddaughter, seems so lovely to the uxorious old husband as the one he remembers to have been so proud of forty years ago, and which still beams on him with an expression of tenderness that reminds him of its former beauty. And she, too, with what complacency does she listen to his oft-repeated reminiscences of her youthful attractions, and how dear is the bond that still unites them!

Plain and uninteresting in the eyes of others, they present only the aspect of age; alas! never lovely: but in them at least other gleams of past good looks recall the past, when each considered the other peerless, though now they alone remember that “such things were, and were most sweet.”

Their youth and their maturity have been passed together; their joys and their sorrows have been shared, and they are advancing hand in hand towards that rapid descent in the mountain of life, at whose base is the grave, hoping that in death they may not be divided.

Who can look at those old couples, and not

feel impressed with the sanctity and blessedness of marriage, which, binding two destinies in one, giving the same interests and the same objects of affection to both, secures for each a companionship and a consolation for those days which must come to all, when, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, the society of the young and gay can no longer charm them, and the present requires the recollections of the past to render it less cheerless; recollections only to be found in those who have grown old together?

Yonder old man, leaning on the arm of a middle-aged woman, who seems less like his house-keeper than his domestic tyrant, offers an example of the fate of those who have lived in what is commonly called a state of single blessedness. A youth and maturity of pleasure have been followed by an old age of infirmity.

He had a thousand pleasantries ready to utter on the subject of marriage whenever it was mentioned; could cite endless examples of unhappy couples (forgetting to name a single one of the happy;) and laughed and shook his head as he declared that *he* never would be caught.

As long as health remained, and that he could pass his evenings in gay society, or at the theatres, he felt not the want of that greatest of all comforts, *home*; a comfort inseparable from a wife to share, as well as to make it. But the

first attack of illness that confined him to his room, with no tender hand to smooth his pillow, no gentle voice to inquire into his wants, or to minister to them; no one to anticipate his wishes almost before he had framed them; no loving face to look fondly and anxiously on him; made him feel sensible, that though a bachelor's life of pleasure may pass agreeably enough during the season of health, it is a most cheerless and dreary state of existence when deprived of it.

The discovery is, alas! made too late. All that he had ever heard or urged against matrimony applies tenfold to cases where it is contracted in old age. He can still admire youth and beauty, but he knows that with such there can never exist any reciprocity with his own feelings.

The young beauty who would barter her charms for his wealth, would be, he knows, no suitable companion for his fireside; and to wed some staid dame whose youth has been passed with some dear, kind, first husband—of whom, if not often speaking, she might in all human probability be sometimes thinking—has something too repugnant to his feelings to be thought of.

An elderly maiden with a lap-dog or a parrot, would be even more insupportable; for how could one who has never had to consult the

pleasure or wishes of aught save self be able to study his? No! it is now too late to think of marriage, and what, therefore, is to be done? In this emergency, a severe attack of rheumatism confines him to his chamber for many days. His valet is found out to be clumsy and awkward in assisting him to put on his flannel gloves; the housekeeper, who is called up to receive instructions about some particular broth that he requires, is asked to officiate, and suggests so many little comforts, and evinces so much sympathy for his sufferings, that she is soon installed as nurse.

By administering to his wants, and still more by flattery and obsequiousness, she soon renders herself indispensable to the invalid. She is proclaimed to be a treasure, and her accounts, which hitherto had been sharply scrutinized and severely censured, are henceforth allowed to pass unblamed, and, consequently, soon amount to double the sum which had formerly, and with reason, been found fault with. The slightest symptom of illness is magnified into a serious attack by the supposed affectionate and assiduous nurse, until her master, in compliance with her advice, becomes a confirmed hypochondriac, whom she governs despotically under a show of devoted attachment.

She has, by slow but sure degrees, alienated

him from all his relatives, and banished from his house the few friends whom she believed possessed any influence over him. Having rendered herself essential to his comfort, she menaces him continually with the threat of leaving his service; and is only induced to remain by a considerable increase to her salary, though not, as she asserts, by any interested motive.

She lately informed her master, that she was "very sorry—very sorry, indeed—but it was time for her to secure her future comfort; and M. —, the rich grocer, had proposed marriage to her, and offered a good settlement. It would be a great grief to her to leave so kind a master, especially as she knew no one to whom she could confide the care of him; but a settlement of 4000 francs a-year was not to be refused, and she might never again receive so good an offer."

The proposal of the rich grocer, which never existed but in her own fertile brain, is rejected, and her continuance as housekeeper and nurse secured by a settlement of a similar sum made on her by her master; who congratulates himself on having accomplished so advantageous a bargain, while she is laughing with the valet at his credulity.

This same valet, finding her influence to be omnipotent with his master, determines on marrying her secretly, that they may join in

plundering the valetudinarian, whose infirmities furnish a perpetual subject for the coarse pleasantries of both these ungrateful menials.

She is now giving him his daily walk on the sunny side of the Luxembourg Gardens. See how she turns abruptly down an alley, in despite of his request to continue where he was: but the truth is, her Argus eyes have discovered his niece and her beautiful children walking at a distance; and, as she has not only prevented their admission to his house, but concealed their visits, intercepted their letters, making him believe they are absent from Paris and have forgotten him, she now precludes their meeting; while to his querulous murmurs at being hurried along, she answers that the alley she has taken him to is more sheltered.

It is true the invalid sometimes half suspects, not only that he is governed, but somewhat despotically, too, by the worthy and affectionate creature, whose sole study it is to take care of his health. He considers it hard to be debarred from sending for one of his old friends to play a party at picquet, or a game at chess with him, during the long winter evenings; and he thinks it would be pleasanter to have some of his female relatives occasionally to dinner: but as the least hint on these subjects never fails to produce ill-humour on the part of the "good

Jeanette," who declares that such unreasonable indulgence would inevitably destroy the precious health of Monsieur, he submits to her will; and while wholly governed by an ignorant and artful servant, can still smile that he is free from being henpecked by a wife.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival of General and the Comtesse d'Orsay—Attractions of the latter—Remark of Napoleon—Affection in Domestic Circles in France—Potier, the Actor—Sir Francis Burdett—Advantages of French Society—Topics of Conversation—French Politeness—Deferential Treatment of the Fair Sex—Mr. Cuthbert and M. Charles Laffitte—Advance of Civilization—Lady Combermere—Mr. Charles Grant (now Lord Glenelg)—Curiosity Shops on the Quai Voltaire—Madame de Sevigne—A Hint to the Ladies—Pangs of Jealousy—Julie d'Angennes—Brilliant Coterie.

IN no part of Paris are so many children to be seen as in the gardens of the Luxembourg. At every step may be encountered groups of playful creatures of every age, from the infant slumbering in its nurse's arms, to the healthful girl holding her little brother or sister by the hand as her little charge toddles along; or the manly boy, who gives his arm to his younger sister with all the air of protection of manhood.

What joyous sounds of mirth come from each group—the clear voices ringing pleasantly on the ear, from creatures fair and blooming as the flowers of the rich *parterres* among which they wander! How each group examines the other

—half-disposed to join in each other's sports, but withheld by a vague fear of making the first advances—a fear which indicates that even already civilization and the artificial habits it engenders, have taught them the restraint it imposes!

The nurses, too, scrutinize each other, and their little masters and misses, as they meet. They take in at a glance the toilettes of each, and judge with an extraordinary accuracy the station of life to which they appertain.

The child of noble birth is known by the simplicity of its dress and the good manners of its *bonne*; while that of the *parvenu* is at once recognized by the showiness and expensiveness of its clothes, and the superciliousness of its nurse, who, accustomed to the purse-proud pretensions of her employers, values nothing so much as all the attributes that indicate the possession of wealth.

The little children look wistfully at each other every time they meet; then begin to smile, and at length approach, and join half-timidly, half-laughingly, in each other's sports. The nurses, too, draw near, enter into a conversation, in which each endeavours to insinuate the importance of her young charge, and consequently her own; while the children have already contracted an intimacy, which is exemplified by running

hand-in-hand together, their clear jocund voices being mingled.

It is a beautiful sight to behold these gay creatures, who have little more than passed the first two or three years of life, with the roses of health glowing on their dimpled cheeks, and the joyousness of infancy sparkling in their eyes.

They know naught of existence but its smiles; and, caressed by doting parents, have not a want unsatisfied. Entering life all hope and gaiety, what a contrast do they offer to the groups of old men who must so soon leave it, who are basking in the sunshine so near them! Yet they, too, have had their hours of joyous infancy; and, old and faded as they are, they have been doted on, as they gambolled like the happy little beings they now pause to contemplate.

There was something touching in the contrast of youth and age brought thus together, and I thought that more than one of the old men seemed to feel it as they looked on the happy children.

I met my new acquaintance, Dr. P——, who was walking with two or three *savans*; and, having spoken to him, he joined us in our promenade, and greatly added to its pleasure by his sensible remarks and by his cheerful tone of

mind. He told me that the sight of the fine children daily to be met with in the Luxembourg Gardens, was as exhilarating to his spirits as the gay flowers in the *parterre*; and that he had frequently prescribed a walk here to those whose minds stood in need of such a stimulant.

The General and Countess d'Orsay arrived yesterday from their *château*, in Franche Comté. A long correspondence had taught me to appreciate the gifted mind of Madame, who, to solid attainments, joins a sparkling wit and vivacity that render her conversation delightful.

The Countess d'Orsay has been a celebrated beauty; and, though a grandmother, still retains considerable traces of it. Her countenance is so *spirituelle* and piquant, that it gives additional point to the clever things she perpetually utters; and what greatly enhances her attractions is the perfect freedom from any of the airs of a *belle esprit*, and the total exemption from affectation that distinguishes her.

General d'Orsay, known from his youth as Le Beau d'Orsay, still justifies the appellation, for he is the handsomest man of his age that I have ever beheld. It is said that when the Emperor Napoleon first saw him, he observed that he would make an admirable model for a Jupiter, so noble and commanding was the character of his beauty.

Like most people remarkable for good looks, General d'Orsay is reported to have been wholly free from vanity; to which, perhaps, may be attributed the general assent accorded to his personal attractions, which, while universally admitted, excited none of the envy and ill-will which such advantages but too often draw on their possessor. There is a calm and dignified simplicity in the manners of General d'Orsay, that harmonizes well with his lofty bearing.

It is very gratifying to witness the affection and good intelligence that reign in the domestic circles in France. Grandfathers and grandmothers here meet with an attention from their children and grandchildren, the demonstrations of which are very touching; and I often see gay and brilliant parties abandoned by some of those with whom I am in the habit of daily intercourse, in order that they may pass the evenings with their aged relatives.

Frequently do I see the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche enter the *salon* of her grandmother, sparkling in diamonds, after having hurried away from some splendid *fête*, of which she was the brightest ornament, to spend an hour with her before she retired to rest; and the Countess d'Orsay is so devoted to her mother, that nearly her whole time is passed with her.

It is pleasant to see the mother and grand-

mother inspecting and commenting on the toilette of the lovely daughter, of whom they are so justly proud, while she is wholly occupied in inquiring about the health of each, or answering their questions relative to that of her children.

The good and venerable Duc de Gramont examines his daughter-in-law through his eyeglass, and, with an air of paternal affection, observes to General d'Orsay, "How well our daughter looks to-night!"

Madame Craufurd, referring to her great age last evening, said to me, and a tear stole down her cheek while she spoke: "Ah, my dear friend! how can I think that I must soon leave all those who love me so much, and whom I so dote on, without bitter regret? Yes, I am too happy here to be as resigned as I ought to be to meet death."

Saw Potier in the *Ci-devant Jeune Homme* last night. It is an excellent piece of acting, from the first scene where he appears in all the infirmity of age, in his nightcap and flannel dressing-gown, to the last, in which he portrays the would-be young man. His face, his figure, his cough, are inimitable; and when he recounts to his servants the gaieties of the previous night, the hollow cheek, sunken eye, and hurried breathing of the "*Ci-devant Jeune Homme*" render the scene most impressive.

Nothing could be more comic than the metamorphose effected in his appearance by dress, except it were his endeavours to assume an air and countenance suitable to the juvenility of his toilette; while at intervals, some irrepressible symptom of infirmity reminded the audience of the pangs the effort to appear young inflicted on him. Potier is a finished actor, and leaves nothing to be wished, except that he may long continue to perform and delight his audience as last night.

Dined yesterday at the Countess d'Orsay's with a large family party. The only stranger was Sir Francis Burdett. A most agreeable dinner, followed by a very pleasant evening. I have seldom seen any Englishman enjoy French society as much as the worthy baronet does. He speaks the language with great facility, is well acquainted with its literature, and has none of the prejudices which militate so much against acquiring a perfect knowledge of the manners and customs of a foreign country.

French society has decidedly one great superiority over English, and that is its freedom from those topics which too often engross so considerable a portion of male conversation, even in the presence of ladies, in England. I have often passed the evening previously and subsequently to a race, in which many of the

men present took a lively interest, without ever hearing it made the subject of conversation. Could this be said of a party in England, on a similar occasion?

Nor do the men here talk of their shooting or hunting before women, as with us. This is a great relief, for in England many a woman is doomed to listen to interminable tales of slaughtered grouse, partridges, and pheasants, of hair-breadth "escapes by flood and field," and venturous leaps, the descriptions of which leave one in doubt whether the narrator or his horse be the greater animal of the two, and render the poor listener more fatigued by the recital than either was by the longest chase.

A dissertation on the comparative merits of Manton's, Lancaster's, and Moore's guns, and the advantage of percussion locks, it is true, generally diversifies the conversation.

Then how edifying it is to hear the pedigrees of horses—the odds for and against the favourite winning such or such a race—the good or bad books of the talkers—the hedging or backing of the bettors! Yet all this are women condemned to hear on the eve of a race, or during the shooting or hunting season, should their evil stars bring them into the society of any of the Nimrods or sportsmen of the day, who think it not only allowable to devote

nearly all their time to such pursuits, but to talk of little else.

The woman who aims at being popular in her county, must not only listen patiently, but evince a lively interest in these *intellectual* occupations; while, if the truth is confessed, she is thoroughly *ennuyée* by these details of them: or if not, it must be inferred that she has lost much of the refinement of mind and taste peculiar to the well-educated portion of her sex.

I do not object to men liking racing, hunting, and shooting. The first preserves the breed of horses, for which England is so justly celebrated, and hunting keeps up the skill in horsemanship in which our men excel. What I do object to is their making these pursuits the constant topics of conversation before women, instead of selecting those more suitable to the tastes and habits of the latter.

There is none of the affectation of avoiding subjects supposed to be uninteresting to women visible in the men here. They do not utter with a smile—half pity, half condescension—“we must not talk politics before the ladies;” they merely avoid entering into discussions, or exhibiting party spirit, and show their deference for female society by speaking on literature, on which they

politely seem to take for granted that women are well informed.

Perhaps this deferential treatment of the gentler sex may not be wholly caused by the good breeding of the men in France, for I strongly suspect that the women here would be very little disposed to submit to the *nonchalance* that prompts the conduct I have referred to in England, and that any man who would make his horses or his field-sports the topic of discourse in their presence, would soon find himself expelled from their society.

Frenchwomen still think, and with reason, that they govern the tone of the circles in which they move, and look with jealousy on any infringement of the respectful attention they consider to be their due.

A few nights ago I saw the Duchesse de Guiche, on her return from a reception at court, sparkling in diamonds, and looking so beautiful that she reminded me of Burke's description of the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette. To-day I thought her still more attractive, when, wearing only a simple white *peignoir*, and her matchless hair bound tightly round her classically shaped head, I saw her enacting the part of *garde malade* to her children, who have caught the measles.

With a large and well-chosen nursery estab-

ishment, she would confide her precious charge to no care but her own, and moved from each little white bed to the other with noiseless step and anxious glance, bringing comfort to the dear little invalid in each. No wonder that her children adore her, for never was there so devoted a mother.

In the meridian of youth and beauty, and filling so brilliant a position in France, it is touching to witness how wholly engrossed this amiable young woman's thoughts are by her domestic duties. She incites, by sharing, the studies of her boys; and already is her little girl, owing to her mother's judicious system, cited as a model.

It was pleasant to see the Duc, when released from his attendance at court, hurrying into the sick chamber of his children, and their languid eyes lighting up with a momentary animation, and their feverish lips relaxing into a smile at the sound of his well-known voice. And this is the couple considered to be "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," the observed of all observers, of the courtly circle at Paris!

Who could behold them as I have done, in that sick room, without acknowledging that, despite of all that has been said of the deleterious influence of courts on the feelings of those who

live much in them, the truly good pass unharmed through the dangerous ordeal?

Went to the Théâtre des Nouveautés last night, where I saw *La Maison du Rempart*. The Parisians seem to have a decided taste for bringing scenes of riot and disorder on the stage; and the tendency of such exhibitions is anything but salutary with so inflammable a people, and in times like the present.

One of the scenes of *La Maison du Rempart* represents an armed mob demolishing the house of a citizen—an act of violence that seemed to afford great satisfaction to the majority of the audience; and, though the period represented is that of the *Fronde*, the acts of the rabble strongly assimilated with those of the same class in later times, when the revolution let loose on hapless France the worst of all tyrants—a reckless and sanguinary mob. I cannot help feeling alarmed at the consequences likely to result from such performances. Sparks of fire flung among gunpowder are not more dangerous. Showing a populace what they can effect by brutal force is a dangerous experiment; it is like letting a tame lion see how easily he could overpower his keeper.

Mr. Cuthbert and M. Charles Laffitte dined here yesterday. Both are excellent specimens of their countries; the former being well-

informed and agreeable, and the latter possessing all the good sense we believe to be peculiar to an Englishman, with the high breeding that appertains to a thoroughly well educated Frenchman.

The advance of civilization was evident in both these gentlemen—the Englishman speaking French with purity and fluency, and the Frenchman speaking English like a born Briton. Twenty years ago, this would have been considered a very rare occurrence, while now it excites little remark. But it is not alone the languages of the different countries that Mr. Cuthbert and M. Charles Laffitte have acquired, for both are well acquainted with the literature of each, which renders their society very agreeable.

Spent last evening in the Rue d'Anjou, where I met Lady Combermere, the Dowager Lady Hawarden, and Mrs. Masters. Lady Combermere is lively and agreeable, *un peu romanesque*, which gives great originality to her conversation, and sings Mrs. Arkwright's beautiful ballads with great feeling.

Mr. Charles Grant* dined here yesterday. He is a very sensible man, possessing a vast fund of general information, with gentle and

* Now Lord Glenelg.

highly-polished manners. What a charm there is in agreeable manners, and how soon one feels at ease with those who possess them!

Spent, or mispent, a great portion of the day in visiting the curiosity shops on the *Quai Voltaire*, and came away from them with a lighter purse than I entered. There is no resisting, at least I find it so, the exquisite *porcelaine de Sévres*, off which the dainty dames of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth feasted, or which held their *bouquets*, or *pot pourri*. An *étui* of gold set with oriental agates and brilliants, and a *flacon* of rock crystal, both of which once appertained to Madame de Sévigné, vanquished my prudence.

Would that with the possession of these articles, often used by her, I could also inherit the matchless grace with which her pen could invest every subject it touched! But, alas! it is easier to acquire the beautiful *bijouterie*, rendered still more valuable by having belonged to celebrated people, than the talent that gained their celebrity; and so I must be content with inhaling *esprit de rose* from the *flacon* of Madame de Sévigné, without aspiring to any portion of the *esprit* for which she was so distinguished.

I am now rich in the possession of objects once belonging to remarkable women, and I

am not a little content with my acquisitions. I can boast the gold and enamelled pincushion of Madame de Maintenon, heart-shaped, and stuck as full of pins as the hearts of the French Protestants were with thorns by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; to which she is said to have so greatly contributed by her counsel to her infatuated lover, Louis the Fourteenth. I can indulge in a pinch of snuff from the *tabatière* of the Marquise de Rambouillet, hold my court-plaster in the *boite à mouche* of Ninon de l'Enclos, and cut ribands with the scissors of Madame du Deffand.

This desire of obtaining objects that have belonged to celebrated people may be, and often is, considered puerile; but I confess to the weakness, and the contemplation of the little memorials I have named awakens recollections in my mind fraught with interest.

I can fancy Madame de Sévigné, who was as amiable as she was clever, and whose tenderness towards her daughter is demonstrated so naturally and touchingly in the letters she addressed to her, holding the *flacon* now mine to the nostrils of Madame de Grignan, in whose health she was always so much more interested than in her own.

I can see in my mind's eye the precise and demure Madame de Maintenon taking a pin

from the very pincushion now before me, to prevent the opening of her kerchief, and so conceal even her throat from the prying eyes of the aged voluptuary, whose passions the wily prude is said to have excited by a concealment of a portion of her person that had, in all probability, ceased to possess charms enough to produce this effect, if revealed.

This extreme reserve on the part of the mature coquette evinced a profound knowledge of mankind, and above all, of him on whom she practised her arts. The profuse display of the bust and shoulders in those days, when the ladies of the court left so little to the imagination of the amorous monarch on whose heart so many of them had designs, must have impaired the effect meant to have been achieved by the indelicate exposure; for—hear it ye fair dames, with whose snowy busts and dimpled shoulders the eyes of your male acquaintances are as familiar as with your faces!—the charms of nature, however beautiful, fall short of the ideal perfection accorded to them by the imagination, when unseen. The clever Maintenon, aware of the fact, of which the less wise of her sex are ignorant or forgetful, afforded a striking contrast in her dress to the women around her, and piquing first the curiosity, and then the passions of the old libertine, acquired an influence

over him when she had long passed the meridian of her personal attractions, which youthful beauties, who left him no room to doubt their charms, or to exaggerate them as imagination is prone to do, could never accomplish.

This very pincushion, with its red velvet heart stuck with pins, was probably a gift from the enamoured Louis, and meant to be symbolical of the state of his own; which, in hardness, it might be truly said to resemble. It may have often been placed on her table when Maintenon was paying the penalty of her hard-earned greatness, by the painful task of endeavouring—as she acknowledged—to amuse a man who was no longer amusable.

Could it speak, it might relate the wearisome hours passed in a palace (for the demon *Ennui* cannot be expelled even from the most brilliant; nay, prefers, it is said, to select them for his abode); and we should learn, that while an object of envy to thousands, the mistress, or unacknowledged wife of *le Grand Monarque*, was but little more happy than the widow of Scarron when steeped in poverty.

Madame de Maintenon discovered, what hundreds before and since have done—that splendour and greatness cannot confer happiness; and, while trying to amuse a man who, though possessed of sovereign power, had lost all sense

of enjoyment, must have reverted, perhaps with a sigh, to the little chamber in which she so long soothed the sick bed of the witty octogenarian, Scarron; who, gay and cheerful to the last, could make her smile by his sprightly and *spirituel* sallies, which neither the evils of poverty nor pain could subdue.

Perhaps this pincushion has lain on her table when Madame de Maintenon listened to the animating conversation of Racine, or heard him read aloud, with that spirit and deep pathos for which his reading was so remarkable, his *Esther* and *Athalie*, previously to their performance at St. Cyr.

That she did not make his peace with the king, when he offended him by writing an essay to prove that long wars, however likely to reflect glory on a sovereign, were sure to entail misery on his subjects, shows that either her influence over the mind of Louis was much less powerful than has been believed, or that she was deficient in the feelings that must have prompted her to exert it by pleading for him.

The ungenerous conduct of the king in banishing from his court a man whose genius shed a purer lustre over it than all the battles Boileau has sung, and for a cause that merited praise instead of displeasure, has always appeared to me to be indicative of great meanness as well

as hardness of heart; and while lamenting the weakness of Racine, originating in a morbid sensibility that rendered his disgrace at court so painful and humiliating to the poet as to cause his death, I am still less disposed to pardon the sovereign that could thus excite into undue action a sensibility, the effects of which led its victim to the grave.

The diamond-mounted *tabatière* now on my table once occupied a place on that of the Marquise de Rambouillet, in that hôtel so celebrated, not only for the efforts made by its coterie towards refining the manners and morals of her day, but the language also, until the affectation to which its members carried their notions of purity, exposed them to a ridicule that tended to subvert the influence they had previously exercised over society.

Molière—the inimitable Molière—may have been permitted the high distinction of taking a pinch a snuff from it, while planning his *Précieuses Ridicules*, which, *malgré* his disingenuous disavowal of the satire being aimed at the Hôtel Rambouillet, evidently found its subject there. I cannot look at the snuff-box without being reminded of the brilliant circle which its former mistress assembled around her, and among which Molière had such excellent oppor-

tunities of studying the peculiarities of the class he subsequently painted.

Little did its members imagine, when he was admitted to it, the use he would make of the privilege; and great must have been their surprise and mortification, though not avowed, at the first representation of *Précieuses Ridicules*, in which many of them must have discovered the resemblance to themselves, though the clever author professed only to ridicule their imitators. *Les Femmes Savantes*, though produced many years subsequently, also found the originals of its characters in the same source whence Molière painted *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

I can fancy him sily listening to the theme proposed to the assembly by Mademoiselle Scudéry—the *Sarraïdes*, as she was styled—“Whether a lover jealous, a lover despised, a lover separated from the object of his tenderness, or him who has lost her by death, was to be esteemed the most unhappy?”

At a later period of his life, Molière might have solved the question from bitter personal experience, for few ever suffered more from the pangs of jealousy, and assuredly no one has painted with such vigour—though the comic often prevails over the serious in his delineations—the effects of a passion anything but comic to him. Strange power of genius, to

make others laugh at incidents which had often tormented himself, and to be able to give humour to characters in various comedies, actuated by the feelings to which he had so frequently been a victim!

I can picture to myself the fair *Julie d'Angennes*, who bestowed not her hand on the *Duc de Montausier* until he had served as many years in seeking it as Jacob had served to gain that of Rachel, and until she had passed her thirtieth year (in order that his passion should become as purified from all grossness, as was the language spoken among the circle in which she lived), receiving with dignified reserve the finely painted flowers, and poems to illustrate them, which formed the celebrated *Guirlande de Julie*, presented to her by her courtly admirer.

I see pass before me the fair and elegant dames of that galaxy of wit and beauty, Mesdames de Longueville, Lafayette, and de Sévigné, fluttering their fans as they listened and replied to the gallant compliments of Voiture, Ménage, Chapelain, Desmarets, or De Réaux, or to the *spirituelle causerie* of Chamfort.

What a pity that a society, no less useful than brilliant at its commencement, should have degenerated into a coterie, remarkable at last but for its fantastic and false notions of refinement, exhibited in a manner that deserved the ridicule it called down!

CHAPTER XII.

The Marquise de Poulepric—The celebrated Madame du Barry—Anecdote—Exclusive Nature of Parisian Society—French Conversation—Quickness of Perception—Comparative Beauty of French and English Ladies—Graceful Walking of the Former—Difference of Etiquette—Well-bred Englishmen—Colonel Caradoc, son of Lord Howden—New Year's Day—Custom of making Presents—Gallery of the Louvre—The Statues therein—Works of Art—*Chefs-d'œuvre* of the Old Masters—Nicolas Pouissin.

SPENT last evening in the Rue d'Anjou: met there la Marquise de Poulepric, and the usual *habitués*. She is a delightful person; for age has neither chilled the warmth of her heart, nor impaired the vivacity of her manners. I had heard much of her; for she is greatly beloved by the Duchesse de Guiche and all the De Gramont family; and she, knowing their partiality to me, treated me rather as an old than as a new acquaintance.

Talking of old times, to which the Duc de Gramont reverted, the Marquise mentioned having seen the celebrated Madame du Barry in the garden at Versailles, when she (the Marquise) was a very young girl. She described her as having a most animated and pleasant

countenance, *un petit nez retroussé*, brilliant eyes, full red lips, and as being altogether a very attractive person.

The Marquise de Pouleprie accompanied the French royal family to England, and remained with them there during the emigration. She told me that once going through the streets of London in a carriage, with the French King, during an election at Westminster, the mob, ignorant of his rank, insisted that he and his servants should take off their hats, and cry out "Long live Sir Francis Burdett!" which his majesty did with great good humour, and laughed heartily after.

Went last night to see Mademoiselle Mars, in "Valerie." It was a finished performance, and worthy of her high reputation. Never was there so musical a voice as hers! Every tone of it goes direct to the heart, and its intonations soothe and charm the ear. Her countenance, too, is peculiarly expressive. Even when her eyes, in the *rôle* she enacted last night, were fixed, and supposed to be sightless, her countenance was still beautiful. There is a harmony in its various expressions that accords perfectly with her clear, soft, and liquid voice; and the united effect of both these attractions renders her irresistible.

Never did Art so strongly resemble Nature

as in the acting of this admirable *artiste*. She identifies herself so completely with the part she performs, that she not only believes herself for the time being the heroine she represents, but makes others do so too. There was not a dry eye in the whole of the female part of the audience last night—a homage to her power that no other actress on the French stage could now command.

The style, too, of Mademoiselle Mars' acting is the most difficult of all; because there is no exaggeration, no violence in it. The same difference exists between it and that of other actresses, as between a highly finished portrait and a glaringly coloured transparency. The feminine, the graceful, and the natural, are never lost sight of for a moment.

The French are admirable critics of acting, and are keenly alive to the beauties of a chaste and finished style, like that of Mademoiselle Mars. In Paris there is no playing to the galleries, and for a simple reason:—the occupants of the galleries here are as fastidious as those of the boxes, and anything like outraging nature would be censured by them: whereas, in other countries, the broad and the exaggerated almost invariably find favour with the gods.

The same pure and refined taste that characterizes the acting of Mademoiselle Mars

presides also over her toilette, which is always appropriate and becoming.

Accustomed to the agreeable mixture of literary men in London society, I observe, with regret, their absence in that of Paris. I have repeatedly questioned people why this is, but have never been able to obtain a satisfactory answer. It tells much against the good taste of those who can give the tone to society here, that literary men should be left out of it; and if the latter *will* not mingle with the aristocratic circles they are to blame, for the union of both is advantageous to the interests of each.

Parisian society is very exclusive, and is divided into small coteries, into which a stranger finds it difficult to become initiated. Large routes are rare, and not at all suited to the tastes of the French people; who comment with merriment, if not with ridicule on the evening parties in London, where the rooms being too small to contain half the guests invited, the stairs and ante-rooms are filled by a crowd, in which not only the power of conversing, but almost of respiring is impeded.

The French ladies attribute the want of freshness so remarkable in the toilettes of Englishwomen, to their crowded routes, and the knowledge of its being impossible for a robe, or at least of a greater portion of one than covers

a bust, to be seen; which induces the fair wearers to economize, by rarely indulging in new dresses.

At Paris certain ladies of distinction open their *salons*, on one evening of each week, to a circle of their acquaintance, not too numerous to banish that ease and confidence which form the delight of society. Each lady takes an evening for her receptions, and no one interferes with her arrangements by giving a party on the same night. The individuals of each circle are thus in the habit of being continually in each other's society; consequently the etiquette and formality, so *génant* among acquaintances who seldom meet, are banished.

To preserve the charm of these unceremonious *réunions*, strangers are seldom admitted to them, but are invited to the balls, dinners, or large parties, where they see French people *en grande tenue*, both in dress and manner, instead of penetrating into the more agreeable parties to which I have referred, where the graceful *négligée* of a *demi toilette* prevails, and the lively *causerie* of the *habitués de maison* supersedes the constraint of ceremony.

Such a society is precisely the sort of one that literary men would, I should suppose, like to mingle in, to unbend their minds from graver studies, and yet not pass their time unprofit-

ably; for in it, politics, literature, and the fine arts, generally furnish the topics of conversation: from which, however, the warmth of discussion, which too frequently renders politics a prohibited subject, is excluded, or the pedantry that sometimes spoils literary *causerie* is banished.

French people, male and female, talk well; give their opinions with readiness and vivacity; often striking out ideas as original as they are brilliant; highly suggestive to more profound thinkers, but which they dispense with as much prodigality as a spendthrift throws away his small coin, conscious of having more at his disposal. Quick of perception, they jump, rather than march, to a conclusion, at which an Englishman or a German would arrive leisurely, enabled to tell all the particulars of the route, but which the Frenchman would know little of from having arrived by some shorter road. This quickness of perception exempts them from the necessity of devoting much of the time and study which the English or Germans employ in forming opinions, but it also precludes their being able to reason as justly or as gravely on those they form.

Walked in the gardens of the Tuilleries to-day. What a contrast their frequenters offer to those of the Luxembourg! In the Tuilleries

the promenaders look as if they only walked there to display their tasteful dresses and pretty persons.

The women eye each other as they pass, and can tell at a glance whether their respective *chapeaux* have come from the *atelier* of Herbault, or the less *recherché magasin des modes* of some more humble *modistes*. How rapidly can they see whether the Cashmere shawl of some passing dame owes its rich but sober tints to an Indian loom, or to the fabric of M. Terneaux, who so skillfully imitates the exotic luxury; and what a difference does the circumstance make in their estimation of the wearer! The beauty of a woman, however great it may be, excites less envy in the minds of her own sex in France, than does the possession of a fine Cashmere, or a *garniture* of real Russian sable—objects of general desire to every Parisian *belle*.

I met few handsome women to-day, but these few were remarkably striking. In Kensington Gardens I should have encountered thrice as many; but there I should also have seen more plain ones than here. Not that Englishwomen *en masse* are not better-looking than the French, but that these last are so skillful in concealing defects, and revealing beauties by the appropriateness and good taste in their choice of dress,

that even the plain cease to appear so; and many a woman looks piquant, if not pretty, at Paris, thanks to her *modiste*, her *couturière*, and her *cordonnier*, who, without their “artful aid,” would be plain indeed.

It is pleasant to behold groups of well-dressed women walking, as only French women ever do walk, nimbly moving their little feet *bien chaussé*, and with an air half timid, half *espiègle*, that elicits the admiration they affect to avoid. The rich and varied material of their robes, the pretty *chapeaux*, from which peep forth such coquettish glances, the modest assurance—for their self-possession amounts precisely to that—and the ease and elegance of their carriage, give them attractions we might seek for in vain in the women of other countries, however superior these last may be in beauty of complexion or roundness of *contour*, for which French women in general are not remarkable.

The men who frequent the gardens of the Tuilleries are of a different order to those met with in the Luxembourg. They consist chiefly of military men and young fashionables, who go to admire the pretty women, and elderly and middle-aged ones, who meet in knots and talk politics with all the animation peculiar to their nation. Children do not abound in the walks here, as in the Luxembourg; and those to be

seen are evidently brought by some fond mother, proud of exhibiting her boys and girls in their smart dresses.

The Tuilleries Gardens, so beautiful in summer, are not without their attractions in winter. The trees, though leafless, look well, rearing their tall branches towards the clear sky, and the statues and vases seen through vistas of evergreen shrubs, with the gilded railing which gives back the rays of the bright, though cold sun, and the rich velvets of every hue in which the women are enveloped, giving them the appearance of moving *parterres* of dahlias, all render the scene a very exhilarating one to the spirits.

I observe a difference in the usages *de mœurs* at Paris, and in those of London, of which an ignorance might lead to give offence. In England, a lady is expected to bow to a gentleman before he presumes to do so to her, thus leaving her the choice of acknowledging his acquaintance, or not; but in France it is otherwise, for a man takes off his hat to every woman whom he has ever met in society, although he does not address her, unless she encourages him to do so.

In Paris, if two men are walking or riding together, and one of them bows to a lady of his acquaintance, the other also takes off his hat, as a mark of respect to the lady known to his

friend, although he is not acquainted with her. The mode of salutation is also much more deferential towards women in France than in England. The hat is held a second longer off the head, the bow is lower, and the smile of recognition is more *aimable*, by which I mean, that it is meant to display the pleasure experienced by the meeting.

It is true that the really well bred Englishmen are not to be surpassed in politeness and good manners by those of any other country; but all are not such; and I have seen instances of men in London acknowledging the presence of ladies, by merely touching, instead of taking off, their hats when bowing to them; and though I accounted for this solecism in good breeding by the belief that it proceeded from the persons practising it wearing wigs, I discovered that there was not even so good an excuse as the fear of deranging them, and that their incivility proceeded from ignorance or *nonchalance*, while the glum countenance of him who bowed betrayed rather a regret for the necessity of touching his beaver, than a pleasure at meeting her for whom the salute was intended.

Time flies away rapidly here, and its flight seems to me to mark two distinct states of existence. My mornings are devoted wholly to reading history, poetry, or *belles lettres*, which ab-

stract me so completely from the actual present to the past, that the hours so disposed of appear to be the actual life, and those given up to society the shadowy and unreal.

This forcible contrast between the two portions of the same day, gives charms to both, though I confess the hours passed in my library are those which leave behind them the pleasantest reflections. I experienced this sentiment when in the hey-day of youth, and surrounded by some of the most gifted persons in England; but now, as age advances, the love of solitude and repose increases, and a life spent in study appears to me to be the one of all others the most desirable, as the enjoyment of the best thoughts of the best authors is preferable even to their conversation, could it be had, and, consequently to that of the cleverest men to be met with in society.

Some pleasant people dined here yesterday. Among them was Colonel Caradoc, the son of our old friend Lord Howden. He possesses great and versatile information, is good-looking, well bred, and has superior abilities; in short, he has all the means, and appliances to boot, to make a distinguished figure in life, if he lacks not the ambition and energy to use them; but, born to station and fortune, he may want the incitement which the absence of these advan-

tages furnishes, and be content to enjoy the good he already has, instead of seeking greater distinction.

Colonel Caradoc's conversation is brilliant and epigrammatic; and if occasionally a too evident consciousness of his own powers is suffered to be revealed in it, those who know it to be well-founded will pardon his self-complacency, and not join with the persons, and they are not few, whose *amour propre* is wounded by the display of his, and who question what really is not questionable, the foundation on which his pretensions are based.

The clever, like the handsome, to be pardoned for being so, should affect a humility they are but too seldom in the habit of feeling; and to acquire popularity must appear unconscious of meriting it. This is one of the many penalties entailed on the gifted in mind or person.

January 1st, 1829.—There is always something grave, if not awful, in the opening of a new year; for who knows what may occur to render it memorable for ever! If the by-gone one has been marked by aught sad, the arrival of the new reminds one of the lapse of time; and though the destroyer brings patience, we sigh to think that we may have new occasions for its difficult exercise. Who can forbear from trembling lest the opening year may find us at its

close with a lessened circle. Some, now dear and confided in, may become estranged, or one dearer than life may be snatched away whose place never can be supplied! The thought is too painful to be borne, and makes one look around with increased affection on those dear to us.

The custom prevalent at Paris of offering an exchange of gifts on the first day of the new year was, perhaps, originally intended to banish the melancholy reflections such an epoch is calculated to awaken.

My tables are so crowded with gifts that I might set up a *petit Dunkerque* of my own, for not a single friend has omitted to send me a present. These gifts are to be acknowledged by ones of similar value, and I must go and put my taste to the test in selecting *cadeaux* to send in return.

Spent several hours yesterday in the gallery of the Louvre. The collection of antiquities, though a very rich one, dwindles into insignificance, when compared with that of the Vatican, and the halls in which it is arranged appear mean in the eyes of those accustomed to see the numerous and splendid ones of the Roman edifice. Nevertheless, I felt much satisfaction in lounging through groups of statues, and busts of the remarkable men and women of antiquity,

with the countenances of many of whom I had made myself familiar in the Vatican, the Musée of the Capitol, or in the collection at Naples, where facsimiles of several of them are to be found.

Nor had I less pleasure in contemplating the personifications of the *beau idéal* of the ancient sculptors, exhibited in their gods and goddesses, in whose faultless faces the expression of all passion seems to have been carefully avoided. Whether this peculiarity is to be accounted for by the desire of the artist to signify the superiority of the Pagan divinities over mortals, by this absence of any trace of earthly feelings, or whether it was thought that any decided expression might deteriorate from the character of repose and beauty that marks the works of the great sculptors of antiquity, I know not, but the effect produced on my mind by the contemplation of these calm and beautiful faces, has something so soothing in it, that I can well imagine with what pleasure those engaged in the turmoils of war, or the scarcely less exciting arena of politics, in former ages, must have turned from their mundane cares to look on these personations of their fabled deities, whose tranquil beauty forms so soothing a contrast to mortal toils.

I have observed this calmness of expression

in the faces of many of the most celebrated statues of antiquity. In the Aristides at Naples, I remember being struck with it, and noticing that he who was banished through the envy excited by his being styled the Just, was represented as unmoved as if the injustice of his countrymen no more affected the even tenour of his mind, than the passions of mortals disturb those of the mythological divinities of the ancients.

A long residence in Italy, and a habit of frequenting the galleries containing the finest works of art there, engender a love of sculpture and painting, that renders it not only a luxury but almost a necessary of life to pass some hours occasionally among the all but breathing marbles and glorious pictures bequeathed to posterity by the mighty artists of old. I love to pass such hours alone, or in the society of some one as partial, but more skilled in such studies than myself; and such a companion I have found in the Baron Cailleux, an old acquaintance, and now Under-Director of the Musée, whose knowledge of the fine arts equals his love for them.

The contemplation of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters begets a tender melancholy in the mind, that is not without a charm for those addicted to it. These stand the results of long lives devoted to the development of the genius

that embodied these inspirations, and left to the world the fruit of hours of toil and seclusion—hours snatched from the tempting pleasures that cease not to court the senses, but which they who laboured for posterity resisted. The long vigils, the solitary days, the hopes and fears, the fears more frequent than the hopes, the depression of spirits, and the injustice or the indifference of contemporaries, endured by all who have ever devoted their lives to art, are present to my mind when I behold the great works of other times.

What cheered these men of genius during their toils and enabled them to finish their glorious works? Was it not the hope that from posterity they would meet with the admiration, the sympathy, denied them by their contemporaries?—as the prisoner in his gloomy dungeon, refused all pity, seeks consolation by tracing a few lines on its dreary walls, in appeal to the sympathy of some future inhabitant who may be doomed to take his place.

I seem to be paying a portion of the debt due by posterity to those who laboured long and painfully for it, when I stand rapt in admiration before the works of the great masters of the olden time, my heart touched with a lively sympathy for their destinies; nor can I look on the glorious faces or glowing landscapes that re-

main to us, evincing the triumph of genius over even time itself, by preserving on canvass the semblance of all that charmed in nature, without experiencing the sentiment so naturally and beautifully expressed in the celebrated picture, by Nicolas Poussin, of a touching scene in Arcadia, in which is a tomb near to which two shepherds are reading the inscription, "I, too, was an Arcadian."

Yes, that which delighted the artist of old, they have transmitted to us with a tender confidence that when contemplating these bequests we would remember with sympathy that they, like us, had felt the charms they delineated.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the Hotel d'Orsay—Sad Change in it—Mr. Millengen, the Antiquary—Liberality of Comte d'Orsay—General Ornano—Unhappy Marriages accounted for—The Princesse de Talleyrande—Her Person described—Her Dress and Manners—Amusing Story told by the Abbe Denon—*Yes and No*, by Lord Normanby—Lady Dysart—Comte Valeski—Influence of Agreeable Manners—Effects of opposite ones—Injudicious Friends—A Candid Admission—Love of Contradiction—Misery of receiving stupid Books—French Customs—Proofs d'Amitie—Wedding Dresses.

WENT to see the Hôtel d'Orsay, to-day. Even in its ruin it still retains many of the vestiges of its former splendour. The *salle à manger*, for the decoration of which its owner bought, and had conveyed from Rome, the columns of the Temple of Nero, is now—hear it, ye who have taste!—converted into a stable; the *salons*, once filled with the most precious works of art, are now crumbled to decay, and the vast garden where bloomed the rarest exotics, and in which were several of the statues that are now in the gardens of the Tuilleries, is now turned into paddocks for horses.

It made me sad to look at this scene of devastation, the result of a revolution which

plunged so many noble families from almost boundless wealth into comparative poverty, and scattered collections of the works of art that whole lives were passed in forming. I remember Mr. Millengen, the antiquary, telling me in Italy, that when yet little more than a boy he was taken to view the Hôtel d'Orsay, then one of the most magnificent houses in Paris, and containing the finest collection of pictures and statues, and that its splendour made such an impression on his mind that he had never forgotten it.

With an admirable taste and a princely fortune, Count d'Orsay spared neither trouble nor expense to render his house the focus of all that was rich and rare; and, with a spirit that does not always animate the possessor of rare works of art, he opened it to the young artists of the day, who were permitted to study in its gallery and *salons*.

In the state drawing-rooms a fanciful notion of the Count's was carried into effect and was greatly admired, though, I believe, owing to the great expense, the mode was not adopted in other houses, namely, on the folding-doors of the suite being thrown open to admit company, certain pedals connected with them were put in motion, and a strain of music was produced, which announced the presence of guests, and the doors

of each of the drawing-rooms when opened took up the air, and continued it until closed.

Many of the old *noblesse* have been describing the splendour of the Hôtel d'Orsay to me since I have been at Paris, and the Duc de Talleyrand said it almost realized the notion of a fairy palace. Could the owner who expended such vast sums on its decoration, behold it in its present ruin, he could never recognise it; but such would be the case with many a one whose stately palaces became the prey of a furious rabble, let loose to pillage by a revolution—that most fearful of all calamities, pestilence only excepted, that can befall a country.

General Ornano, his stepson Count Waleski, M. Achille la Marre, General d'Orsay, and Mr. Francis Baring, dined here yesterday. General Ornano is agreeable and well mannered. We had music in the evening, and the lively and pretty Madame la H—— came. She is greatly admired, and no wonder; for she is not only handsome, but clever and piquant. Hers does not appear to be a well-assorted marriage, for M. la H—— is grave, if not austere, in his manners; while she is full of gaiety and vivacity, the demonstrations of which seem to give him anything but pleasure.

I know not which is most to be pitied, a saturnine husband whose gravity is only increased

by the gaiety of his wife, or the gay wife whose exuberance of spirits finds no sympathy in the Mentor-like husband. Half, if not all, the unhappy marriages, accounted for by incompatibility of humour, might with more correctness be attributed to a total misunderstanding of each other's characters and dispositions in the parties who drag a heavy and galling chain through life, the links of which might be rendered light and easy to be borne, if the wearers took but half the pains to comprehend each other's peculiarities that they in general do to reproach or to resent the annoyance these peculiarities occasion them.

An austere man would learn that the gaiety of his wife was as natural and excusable a peculiarity in her, as was his gravity in him, and consequently would not resent it; and the lively wife would view the saturnine humour of her husband as a malady demanding forbearance and kindness.

The indissolubility of marriage, so often urged as an additional cause for aggravating the sense of annoyance experienced by those wedded but unsuited to each other, is, in my opinion, one of the strongest motives for using every endeavour to render the union supportable, if not agreeable. If a dwelling known to be unalienable has some defect which makes

it unsuited to the taste of its owner, he either ameliorates it, or, if that be impracticable, he adopts the resolution of supporting its inconvenience with patience; so should a philosophical mind bear all that displeases in a union in which even the most unfortunate find "something to pity or forgive." It is unfortunate that this same philosophy, considered so excellent a panacea for enabling us to bear ills, should be so rarely used that people can seldom judge of its efficacy when required!

Saw *La Gazza Ladra* last night, in which Malibran enacted "Ninetta," and added new laurels to the wreath accorded her by public opinion. Her singing in the duo, in the prison scene, was one of the most touching performances I ever heard; and her acting gave a fearful reality to the picture.

I have been reading the *Calamities of Authors* all the morning, and find I like the book even better on a second perusal—no mean praise, for the first greatly pleased me. So it is with all the works of Mr. D'Israeli, who writes *con amore*; and not only with a profound knowledge of his subjects, but with a deep sympathy, which peeps forth at every line, for the literary men whose troubles or peculiarities he describes.

His must be a fine nature—a contemplative

mind imbued with a true love of literature, and kindness of heart that melts and makes those of others melt, for the evils to which its votaries are exposed.

How much are those who like reading, but are too idle for research, indebted to Mr. D'Israeli, who has given them the precious result of a long life of study, so admirably digested and beautifully conveyed that in a few volumes are condensed a mass of the most valuable information! I never peruse a production of his without longing to be personally acquainted with him; and, though we never met, I entertain a regard and respect for him, induced by the many pleasant hours his works have afforded me.

Met the Princesse de Talleyrand last night at Madame C——'s. I felt curious to see this lady, of whom I had heard such various reports; and, as usual found her very different to the descriptions I had received.

She came *en princesse*, attended by two *dames de compagnie*, and a gentleman who acted as *chambellan*. Though her *embonpoint* has not only destroyed her shape but has also deteriorated her face, the small features of which seem imbued in a mask much too fleshy for their proportions, it is easy to see that in her youth she must have been handsome. Her

complexion is fair; her hair, judging from the eyebrows and eyelashes, must have been very light; her eyes are blue; her nose, *retroussé*; her mouth small, with full lips; and the expression of her countenance is agreeable, though not intellectual.

In her demeanour there is an evident assumption of dignity, which, falling short of the aim, gives an ungraceful stiffness to her appearance. Her dress was rich, but suited to her age, which I should pronounce to be about sixty. Her manner has the formality peculiar to those conscious of occupying a higher station than their birth or education entitles them to hold; and this consciousness gives an air of constraint and reserve that curiously contrasts with the natural good-humour and *naïveté* that are frequently perceptible in her.

If ignorant—as is asserted—there is no symptom of it in her language. To be sure, she says little; but that little is expressed with propriety: and if reserved, she is scrupulously polite. Her *dames de compagnie*, and *chambellan* treat her with profound respect, and she acknowledges their attentions with civility. To sum up all, the impression made upon me by the Princesse Talleyrand was, that she differed in no way from any other princesse I had ever met, except

by a greater degree of reserve and formality than were in general evinced by them.

I could not help smiling inwardly when looking at her, as I remembered Baron Denon's amusing story of the mistake she once made. When the Baron's work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hôtel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the Prince wished the Princesse to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately, at the same time also commanded that a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* should be sent to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hôtel. The Baron Denon's work, through mistake, was given to Mademoiselle and *Robinson Crusoe* was delivered to the Princesse, who rapidly looked through its pages.

The seat of honour at table being assigned to the Baron, the Princesse, mindful of her husband's wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased, and told

her how much he felt honoured; but judge of his astonishment and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the Princesse exclaimed, "Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poor man Friday, about whom I feel such an interest?"

Denon used to recount this anecdote with great spirit, confessing at the same time that his *amour propre* as an author had been for a moment flattered by the commendation, even of a person so universally known to be incompetent to pronounce on the merit of his book. The Emperor Napoleon heard this story, and made Baron Denon repeat it to him, laughing immoderately all the time, and frequently after he would, when he saw Denon, inquire "how was poor Friday?"

When the second restoration of the Bourbons took place, the Prince Talleyrand, anxious to separate from the Princesse, and to get her out of his house, induced her, under the pretence that a change of air was absolutely necessary for her health, to go to England for some months. She had only been there a few weeks when a confidential friend at Paris wrote to inform her that from certain rumours afloat it was quite clear the Prince did not intend her to take up

her abode again in his house, and advised her to return without delay. The Princesse instantly adopted this counsel, and arrived most unexpectedly in the Rue St. Florentin, to the alarm and astonishment of the whole establishment there, who had been taught not to look for her entering the hôtel any more; and to the utter dismay of the Prince, who, however anxious to be separated from her, dreaded a scene of violence still more than he wished to be released from his conjugal chains.

She forced her admission to his presence, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and it required the exercise of all his diplomatic skill to allay the storm he had raised. The affair became the general topic of conversation at Paris; and when, the day after the event, the Prince waited on Louis the Eighteenth on affairs of state, the King, who loved a joke, congratulated him on the unexpected arrival of Madame la Princesse.

Prince Talleyrand felt the sarcasm, and noticed it by one of those smiles so peculiar to him—a shake of the head and shrug of the shoulders, while he uttered “*Que voulezvous, sire-chacun a son vingt Mars?*” referring to the unexpected arrival of the Emperor Napoleon.

I have been reading *Yes and No*, a very

clever and interesting novel from the pen of Lord Normanby. His writings evince great knowledge of the world, the work-o'-day world, as well as the *beau monde*; yet there is no bitterness in his satire, which is always just and happily pointed. His style, too, is easy, fluent, and polished, without being disfigured by the slightest affectation or pedantry.

Had a long visit to-day from Dr. P——, who has lent me the works of Bichat and Broussais, which he recommends me to read. He is a most agreeable companion, and as vivacious as if he was only twenty. He reminds me sometimes of my old friend Lady Dysart, whose juvenility of mind and manner always pleased me as much as it surprised me.

Old people like these appear to forget, as they are forgotten by time; and, like trees marked to be cut down, but which escape the memory of the marker, they continue to flourish though the lines traced for their destruction are visible.

The more I see of Count Waleski the more I am pleased with him. He has an acute mind, great quickness of perception, and exceedingly good manners. I always consider it a good sign of a young man to be partial to the society of the old, and I observe that Count Waleski evinces a preference for that of men old enough

to be his father. / People are not generally aware of the advantages which agreeable manners confer, and the influence they exercise over society. I have seen great abilities fail in producing the effect accomplished by prepossessing manners, which are even more serviceable to their owner than is a fine countenance, that best of all letters of recommendation. /

Half the unpopularity of people proceeds from a disagreeable manner; and though we may be aware of the good qualities of persons who have this defect, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it must always originate in a want of the desire to please—a want, the evidence of which cannot fail to wound the self-love of those who detect, and indispose them towards those who betray it. By a disagreeable manner I do not mean the awkwardness often arising from timidity, or the too great familiarity originating in untutored good nature: but I refer to a superciliousness, or coldness, that marks a sense of superiority; or to a habit of contradiction, that renders society what it should never be—an arena of debate.

How injudicious are those who defend their absent friends, when accused of having disagreeable manners, by saying, as I have often heard persons say—"I assure you that he or she can be very agreeable with those he or she

likes:" an assertion which, by implying that the person accused did not like those who complained of the bad manner, converts them from simple disapprovers into something approaching to enemies.

I had once occasion to notice the fine tact of a friend of mine, who, hearing a person he greatly esteemed censured for his disagreeable manner, answered, "Yes, it is very true: with a thousand good qualities his manner is very objectionable, even with those he likes best: it is his misfortune, and he cannot help it; but those who know him well will pardon it."

This candid admission of what could not be refuted, checked all further censure at the moment, whereas an injudicious defence would have lengthened it; and I heard some of the individuals then present assert, a few days subsequently, that Lord —— was not, after all, by any means to be disliked: for that his manners were equally objectionable even with his most esteemed friends, and consequently meant nothing uncivil to strangers.

I tried this soothing system the other day in defence of ——, when a whole circle were attacking him for his rude habit of contradicting, by asserting with a grave face, that he only contradicted those whose talents he suspected;

in order that he might draw them out in discussion.

—— came in soon after, and it was positively amusing to observe how much better people bore his contradiction. Madame —— only smiled when, having asserted that it was a remarkably fine day, he declared it to be abominable. The Duc de —— looked gracious when, having repeated some political news, —— said he could prove the contrary to be the fact; and the Comtesse de —— looked archly round when, having extravagantly praised a new novel, he pronounced that it was the worst of all the bad ones of the author.

—— will become a popular man, and have to thank me for it. How angry would he be if he knew the service I have rendered him, and how quickly would he contradict all I said in his favour! —— reminds me of the Englishman of whom it was said, that so great was his love of contradiction, that when the hour of the night and state of the weather were announced by the watchman beneath his window, he used to get out of his bed and raise both his casement and his voice to protest against the accuracy of the statement.

Read *Pelham*; commenced it yesterday, and concluded it to-day. It is a new style of novel,

and, like all that is very clever, will lead to many copyists. The writer possesses a felicitous fluency of language, profound and just thoughts, and a knowledge of the world rarely acquired at his age, for I am told he is a very young man.

This work combines pointed and pungent satire on the follies of society, a deep vein of elevated sentiment, and a train of philosophical thinking, seldom, if ever, allied to the tenderness which pierces through the sentimental part. The opening reminded me of that of *Anastatius*, without being in the slightest degree an imitation; and many of the passages recalled Voltaire, by their wit and terseness.

I, who don't like reading novels, heard so much in favour of this one—for all Paris talk of it—that I broke through a resolution formed since I read the dull book of —— to read no more; and I am glad I did so, for this clever book has greatly interested me.

Oh, the misery of having stupid books presented to one by the author! ——, who is experienced in such matters, told me that the best plan in such cases was, to acknowledge the receipt of the book the same day it arrived, and civilly express the pleasure anticipated from its perusal, by which means the necessity of praising a bad book was avoided. This system has,

however, been so generally adopted of late, that authors are dissatisfied with it; and consequently a good-natured person often feels compelled to write commendations of books which he or she is far from approving; and which, though it costs an effort to write, are far from satisfying the *exigeant amour propre* peculiar to authors.

I remember once being present when the merits of a book were canvassed. One person declared it to be insufferably dull, when another, who had published some novel, observed, with rather a supercilious air, "You know not how difficult it is to write a good book!"

"I suppose it must be very difficult," was the answer, "seeing how long and how often you have attempted without succeeding."

How these letters of commendations of bad books, extorted from those to whom the authors present them, will rise up in judgment against the writers, when they are "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns!" I tremble to think of it! What severe animadversions on the bad taste, or the want of candour of the writers, and all because they were too good-natured to give pain to the authors!

Went to the Théâtre Italien last night, and saw Malibran in *La Cenerentola*, in which her acting was no less admirable than her singing.

She sang "Non piu Mesta" better than I ever heard it before, and astonished as well as delighted the audience. She has a soul and spirit in her style that carries away her hearers, as no other singer does, and excites an enthusiasm seldom, if ever, equalled. Malibran seems to be as little mistress of her own emotions when singing, as those are whom her thrilling voice melts into softness, or wakes into passion. Every tone is pregnant with feeling, and every glance and attitude instinct with truthful emotion.

A custom prevails in France, which is not practised in Italy, or in England, namely, *les lettres de faire part*, sent to announce deaths, marriages, and births, to the circle of acquaintances of the parties. This formality is never omitted, and these printed letters are sent out to all on the visiting lists, except relations, or very intimate friends, to whom autograph letters are addressed.

Another custom also prevails, which is that of sending *bon-bons* to the friends and acquaintances of the *accouchée*. These sweet proofs *d'amitié* come pouring in frequently, and I confess I do not dislike the usage.

The godfather always sends the *bon-bons* and a trinket to the mother of the child, and also presents the godmother with a *corbeille*, in which

are some dozen of gloves, two or three handsome fans, embroidered purses, a smelling-bottle and a *vinaigrette*; and she offers him *en revanche*, a cane, buttons, or a pin—in short, some present. The *corbeilles* given to godmothers are often very expensive, being suited to the rank of the parties; so that in Paris the compliment of being selected as a godfather entails no trifling expense on the chosen. The great prices given for wedding *trousseaux* in France, even by those who are not rich, surprise me, I confess.

They contain a superabundance of every article supposed to be necessary for the toilette of a *nouvelle mariée*, from the rich robes of velvet down to the simple *peignoir de matin*. Dresses of every description and material, and for all seasons, are found in it. Cloaks, furs, Cashmere shawls, and all that is required for night or day use, are liberally supplied; indeed, so much so, that to see one of these *trousseaux*, one might imagine the person for whom it was intended was going to pass her life in some far-distant clime, where there would be no hope of finding similar articles, if ever wanted.

Then comes the *corbeille de mariage*, well stored with the finest laces, the most delicately embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, veils, *fichus*, *chemisettes* and *canezous*, trinkets, smelling-bottles, fans, *vinaigrettes*, gloves, garters; and

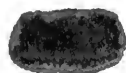
though last, not least, a purse well filled to meet the wants or wishes of the bride,—a judicious attention never omitted.

These *trousseaux* and *corbeilles* are placed in a *salon*, and are exhibited to the friends the two or three days previously to the wedding; and the view of them often sends young maidens—ay, and elderly ones, too—away with an anxious desire to enter that holy state which ensures so many treasures. It is not fair to hold out such temptations to the unmarried, and may be the cause why they are generally so desirous to quit the pale of single blessedness.

END OF VOL. I.







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